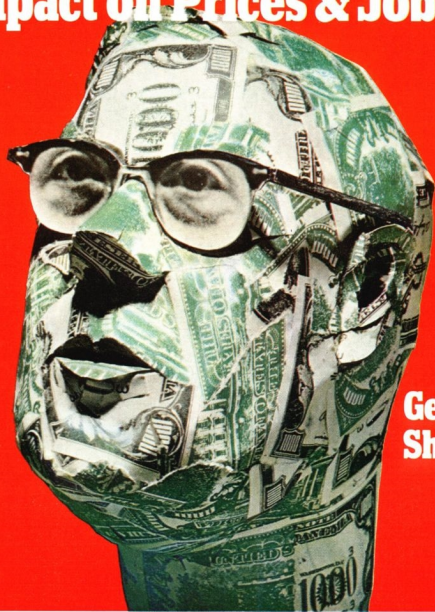


TIME

THE CHEAPER DOLLAR

Impact on Prices & Jobs



**George
Shultz**

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Mrs. Edward Allen
Wellesley,
Massachusetts



Vicki Martell
Allstate Claim Adjuster
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

"Two days before Christmas, we cracked up the car. We were on vacation in Florida. The other driver (who was at fault) had Allstate. So we called them."

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GEORGE SHULTZ & LAWRENCE MALKIN

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

THE great decisions and arcane maneuvers of finance ministers, international bankers and speculators often seem remote to the public. Yet these actions have universal impact. In this week's cover story, which focuses on Treasury Secretary George Shultz, we analyze the events leading up to the dollar devaluation, discuss the prospects of its success and report the effects on the pocketbook.

Journalists who specialize in economics are keenly aware of devaluation's personal penalties. Associate Editor George Church, who wrote this week's cover story, counts himself lucky that he was not planning a foreign vacation but worries that his favorite Gaulois cigarettes will become even more dear in the U.S.

Roger Beardwood, who is moving from his post as European economic correspondent to become Paris bureau chief, has been observer, and occasional victim, of monetary crises since the British devaluation in 1967. That year he had sold his house in England, kept the proceeds in sterling, and took a loss. "For the past two years, the U.S. balance of payments figures have been my bedside reading," he says. Last week, as he interviewed financial experts, Beardwood also watched his dollar worth shrink in terms of Belgian francs.

To Washington Correspondent Lawrence Malkin, a veteran economic reporter who interviewed Shultz for the cover story, and was working in London in 1967, the scenario was familiar: "The pattern is always the same: the frenzy on the exchange markets, the week-end lull while international officials work out their deals, then the aftermath of uncertainty." That aftermath is particularly significant to Malkin, who is being transferred to London. Says he: "I am now watching the money markets with a deeply personal interest."

Some news events command immediate attention. Others require months or even years to take shape. The changing application of the Constitution's due-process clause is such an evolving story, and this week's Law section examines the trend in depth. The story was written by Contributing Editor Jose M. Ferrer III, who has been our principal Law writer since 1968. "One of the Law section's goals," says Ferrer, "is to show how people's day-to-day lives may be affected by even subtle changes in legal practice. In the case of due process, the effects seem to be profound."

Ralph P. Davidson

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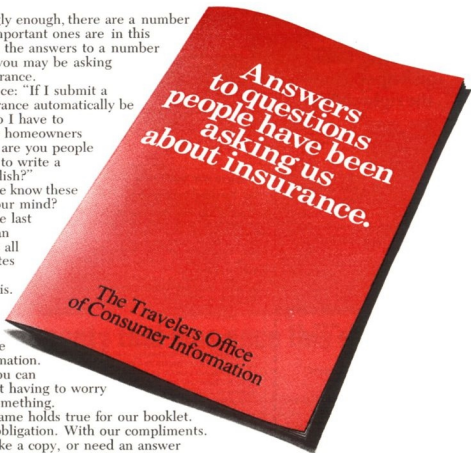
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(we listen better)

Thanks and Apologies

Sir / The protesters may have made the headlines, but President Nixon made the peace—for which he deserves thanks from all, and apologies from many.

ANN POLLE
Chicago

Sir / While Middle America breathes a sigh of relief and looks with a certain satisfaction on Richard Nixon's peace agreement, let's remember who the real heroes of this peace are: the men and women who had the courage to get out in the streets and tell our leaders they were wrong before "peace" was chic and when "love it or leave it" was still strong.

It was real government by the people that got us where we are.

BRUCE MC COMAS
San Antonio

Sir / As an anti-Nixon McGovernite I had doubted seriously that President Nixon would end the war this soon in his second term. Now I gladly accept that "I-told-you-so" attitude of my Nixonite friends and rejoice that the war is over. I must say, however, that it is about time.

(MRS.) SUSAN R. BAYLEN
Decatur, Ga.

Sir / As far as giving any credit to Nixon for a cease-fire in Viet Nam, forget it.

The goddamned war just pooped out.
THEODORE MERRILL
Ewa Beach, Hawaii

Losing in War and Peace

Sir / The talk of rebuilding North Viet Nam [Feb. 5] disgusts me. That country killed 50,000 of our men, wrecked the lives of thousands of others, and terrorized and plundered South Viet Nam for years. Our national debt is sky-high. A lot of our own people are in need of help. Yet we are already talking about making the Communists more powerful.

We used to win the war and lose the peace. Now we win neither wars nor peace. We just lose men.

MAE VERMEERE
Imperial Beach, Calif.

Sir / May I, as a humble taxpayer, suggest that in light of what we have so far spent over there and the increasing cost of maintaining our Government and its bureaucrats we give Hanoi exactly as much aid as Russia and China will be giving the South Vietnamese to rebuild.

ROBERT D. WILLIS
Ventura, Calif.

Sir / Now that the Viet Nam War has ended, it would be a good idea for the U.S. to launch a new war in Indochina—a war against disease. The U.S. should finance the training of hundreds of Vietnamese doctors, nurses and medical technicians, and should lend both North and South Viet Nam the money to build new hospitals with the latest medical equipment.

HAROLD B. JOFFE
Baltimore

Time-Honored Tradition

Sir / It is difficult to understand President Nixon's stand on amnesty [Feb. 5]. He seems quite willing to forgive our "enemy," North Viet Nam, and possibly provide

financial aid. However, he is unable to offer this same compassion to our own sons by following the time-honored tradition of amnesty.

(MRS.) CASSANDRA STURM
Pittsburgh

Sir / Now that our role in the war is over, it is time to reconsider the issue of amnesty. As long as we keep these people from returning home, the war will not be over.

I did not want to fight in Viet Nam. Rather than flee, I joined the National Guard. Though others have paid more dearly than I because of this war, I, too, have paid a price for going along with the System. I hope I speak for the majority when I say that I do not demand that those who fled rather than serve should be exiled forever, merely to vindicate my own course of action. Let them come back. In retrospect, are we certain that they were wrong?

HARVEY PRUSSIN
Cambridge, Mass.

Satan's Trust?

Sir / May God have mercy on America! The Supreme Court abolishes prayer in schools, permits hard-core pornography, protects murderers, rapists, etc., and now sanctions the killing of millions of innocent babies by its ruling on abortion [Feb. 5]. Where will they strike next? Perhaps they will change the wording on our currency to "In Solidarity We Trust." Wake up, America! Remember the Ten Commandments.

JOAN BARRITT
Joliet, Ill.

Sir / The Supreme Court ruling striking down forced breeding could not come too soon. A woman who is emotionally and physically reduced to a breeding apparatus is not a free person. Isn't it inhuman to subject her to an ordeal if she is emotionally incapable of abiding nature's haphazard course?

The time has long passed since rulers needed youth for cannon fodder. I predict a complete reversal within ten to 20 years, when a couple desiring to have a child will have to ask for a permit from city hall. Bootleg children still would be declared legitimate, but the parents would be penalized.

JOSEPH BAUMGARTEN
London

Sir / Women's Lib has apparently struck another telling blow to American ethics. The driving forces behind pro-abortion people are not the high and mighty goals that they expound. The prime motive is nothing but selfishness.

If the sanctity of life is not among our top priorities, life itself will certainly have little quality.

TOM EBERLE
Spokane, Wash.

Sir / When does human life begin? At conception? At the fetal stage? Or at birth? If there is still doubt, at least give probable human life the benefit of the doubt. I personally cannot play the part of God with human life.

MICHAEL S. JEREB
Phoenix

Sir / My philosophy of life is one that guarantees everyone the chance to do that which he wants and feels is appropriate without harming others in the process.

Abortion is a personal, medical matter, and women have every right to control

LETTERS



The natural beauty that was once this country...

The natural beauty of clear, blue skies. Mighty flowing rivers. Tranquil lakes and unspoiled valleys and hillsides. The natural beauty of America is ours to protect. It starts with things you can do. Like not littering the sidewalks. By actively supporting programs to clean up our rivers, lakes and streams. Or planting trees to help purify the air. We can make America beautiful again.



Keep America Beautiful



**People start pollution.
People can stop it.**





how to repair practically everything for just two dollars

Paul Sandoval (our lovable promotion manager) has really outdone himself this time. He's uncorked **HAVERTOOLS**, undoubtedly his greatest accomplishment to date. Because with **HAVERTOOLS** you can repair practically everything. Overcome by the spirit that is the constant delight of our customers (and a source of scorn and derision to Fred Spanberger, our doughty controller), he's offering it today for just \$2... surely the bargain of the year. Let me tell you about **HAVERTOOLS**: there's a handle with four different regular and Phillips screwdrivers, a hammer, a set of four spanners, two double wrenches, a 4-inch Crescent, a vial with assorted bolts, and even a polishing rag to clean it all up. So you see, it contains practically all you might need, except perhaps for an electric drill, which Paul somehow neglected to include. Paul will also send you our colorful 64-page Catalog and he'll throw in a \$2 Gift Certificate that you can apply to your next merchandise purchase. So, if you want a nice set of tools, fill out the coupon and mail it to us with your check for \$2. Paul will send **HAVERTOOLS** right out to you and he'll even pay the postage.

☐ OK, Paul, old amigo—send me **HAVERTOOLS**—pronto! My \$2 check is enclosed.

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Labor Day
Columbus Day
Veterans Day



LETTERS

their own bodies. No person can ever have the right to forcibly impose his moral or religious beliefs on me.

JENNIFER DOUGHERTY
Ventnor, N.J.

Sir / Today's practitioners of abortion are tomorrow's objects of euthanasia.

LESLIE PAQUIN
New Bedford, Mass.

Sir / Abortion is the contemporary continuation of the centuries-old malignant, anti-life process that masquerades as truth, justice, equality and necessity.

Abortion is the scientific Inquisition.
SAMUEL A. NIGRO, M.D.
Cleveland

Words Were Enough

Sir / I was totally unnecessary, as well as repulsive, to print so many pictures from the movie *Last Tango* [Jan. 22]. Your written description of the movie was more than adequate to inform the public about this film. It is too bad that no one labeled the issue with an X.

LAURA T. BARNDT
Worthington, Ohio

Sir / I was offended and disappointed to receive "pornography in TIME's clothing." Certainly we are all aware that movies of this type are a part of life; so is manure, but I do not carry that into my living room.

WINIFRED MC CANN
Parma Heights, Ohio

Ritual Blessing

Sir / I am not really surprised by Rabbi Magnin's ungracious and uninformed comment on Rabbi Siegel's appropriate choice of a Jewish statutory *bracha* (ritual bless-

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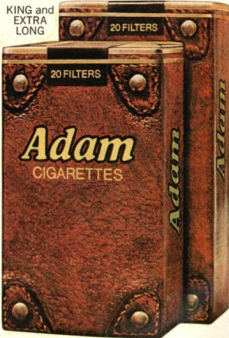
"Something will have to be done" about the erratic prices of prescription drugs and the secrecy surrounding them, says a drug industry official.

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adds to Adam's natural, mellow flavor.
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Encourage your public school

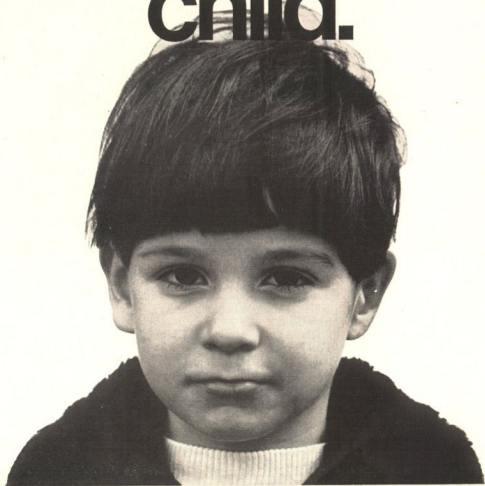
system, church, business, industry, civic or fraternal organization to start a day care center for early childhood education in your community.


These children need your help.

Your community needs these children.

The President's Committee on Mental Retardation
Washington, D. C. 20202

Love thy neighbor's child.





A couple of tough customers.
Ours.

Walt Frazier and Jerry Lucas of the New York Knickerbockers.

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And say you're a tough customer. We'll take you on, too.

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ing) to conclude his prayer at President Nixon's Inauguration [Jan. 29], but I am dismayed that TIME should have repeated and embellished the report of Rabbi Siegel's "kingly" blessing.

The correct version of the blessing which Rabbi Siegel recited was "Blessed are You, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, Who shares a portion of His glory with mortal man." This blessing, according to Jewish traditional practice and precedent, may be recited whenever one is in the presence of any person who holds chief executive office in a political sovereignty.

Indeed, throughout Jewish history, rabbis and other learned Jews have recited these blessings when they have called upon or received kings, governors and other high civil authorities.

RABBI WOLFE KELMAN
New York City

Ultimate Insult

Sir / Your article on Frank Sinatra v. Maxine Cheshire [Feb. 5] speaks volumes about Sinatra and something about Cheshire too.

It is difficult to keep one's composure in the face of such a verbal onslaught, but a woman of her background should hear beyond his vulgar words. An incomplete little man, he indicted himself beyond redemption, for what Sinatra says about Cheshire says more about Sinatra than it does about Cheshire.

The ultimate insult, really, is to be ignored. Cheshire should know that.

GLORIA REYSA
Dallas

Sir / Regarding "Frankie and His Friends": if Mrs. Maxine Cheshire really wanted to defend her virtue in her children's eyes,

methinks she could do better by exhibiting charity.

Albeit he is a recalcitrant victim in the goldfish-bowl prison in which the world has placed him, compassion toward him, especially in view of his unobtrusive and unending stream of charitable acts, might help alleviate the weight of his ponderous burden.

(MRS.) BARBARA NEU
Los Angeles

Sir / Sinatra has always been a cool cat in my opinion: now this cat has lost his cool forever, to my disillusioned mind.

MRS. H. DEAN GULNAC
Irvine, Calif.

Killing Cuddly Kittens

Sir / Perhaps it is true, as your article "Pet Pollution" said [Jan. 29], that man subconsciously identifies with and relieves the promiscuity of his pets. I myself may have done so. Nevertheless, after having worked a year in an animal shelter putting as many as 50 "adorable" and "cuddly" kittens and puppies to death daily (humane compared with death in streams, roadways or public dumps), I realized the tragedy of such a surplus of life.

All of us must begin to consider the far-reaching consequences of allowing dogs and cats to reproduce indiscriminately.

CHRIS OSEGUEDA
Ocean City, Md.

Who Was the Blonde?

Sir / I would be something of a liar if I claimed that the vision of a 27-year-old blonde who stands 5 ft. 8 in. and measures 38 in. around the bust doesn't pique my in-

terest a bit. But I'll be damned if I know how Susan Snyder's measurable characteristics [Feb. 5], coupled with a blurb on her husband's occupation and plans for next year's Christmas cards, answer in any way the question, "Who was the blonde dancing with Richard Nixon?"

STEPHEN PATTERSON
Liverpool, N.Y.

Sir / That the true spirit of Christmas has long since been overcommercialized and lost forever is an established fact, but Mr. Snyder's plan to exploit his wife's 38-in. bosom has to set a new low for the Christmas card of 1973. Personally, I would rather see Rudolph the red-nosed reindeer, and I'll bet the Snyder's' friends would too.

MARY L. DUNN
Christiansted, V.I.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Time for a Jubilee?

There is a rather disreputable ghost haunting the U.S. departure from Viet Nam—Lieut. William Calley Jr. Last week the Army Court of Military Review upheld his conviction for the My Lai massacre, and approved his sentence of 20 years at hard labor for ordering "subordinates to participate in the mass summary execution of unarmed, unresisting men, women and children." The decision will be appealed still higher, to the U.S. Court of Military Appeals, and President Nixon has said he would make the final ruling himself.

A group of clergymen, led by Yale University Chaplain William Sloane Coffin Jr., has suggested a strange linkage between Calley and the young Americans who evaded the draft—a "new jubilee" in which amnesty would be extended to both Calley and draft resisters, in which all would be forgiven, regardless of individual guilt or degree of turpitude.

True, one may suspect that it is unjust for Calley to be the only man imprisoned for the My Lai affair. True, one may wish that clemency eventually be shown to the draft evaders. One may wish, in addition, that both the righteous right and the righteous left soften their positions. Yet the Coffin proposal smacks as much of an ill-considered trade-off as it does of Christian forgiveness. The two situations are really unrelated, both legally and morally. Each therefore deserves to be judged on its own merits, not as part of a jubilee.

Cheer Up

Do you look back on America the Beautiful with nostalgia? On the full-value dollar with an empty feeling in your wallet? Well, you shouldn't. To do so is to submit to "sentimentality, prejudice and myopia," according to Herbert Stein, 56, chairman of President Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers. Speaking before an audience of bankers, businessmen and educators in Richmond last week, Stein denounced critics of the President's new budget for their negative vibrations.

People were wasting their "tears" over cuts in various programs, he said. "The welfare state is not being liquidated," and unemployment, though a problem, occurs largely among the young, and therefore does not have the same "misery component" as it used to.

The environment? That, said Stein, is a "stunning example" of fuzzy thinking by which "anything that improves the environment is also a good thing, regardless of cost." Said Stein, "In today's world, if you can look about you and see that things are pretty good, you're not fit to be an editorial writer for the *New York Times*, my son." Standing a cliché on its head, Stein announced: "Today it is the bearer of good news who is in danger." Duck, Mr. Stein.

Cutting the Hot Lines

Shortly after the assassination of Martin Luther King in 1968, the psychic temperature of the U.S. soared to such heights that many cities across the country hastily put together "rumor centers" to combat wild tales of impending violence. A typical call of those days: a tip that a gang of young blacks was standing on a Seattle street corner, armed with clubs and ready for trouble. The city's rumor center discovered that an out-of-uniform junior baseball team, carrying bats, was waiting for a bus. At its peak, the rumor center in Seattle enlisted the aid of 50 volunteers to handle 600 calls a day.

Of late, however, the center has been receiving as few as 25 calls a day, most of them asking for general information. Now it has finally closed down for lack of business. In Boston, too, the rumor center is being phased out. Is it too optimistic to think that Americans have awakened from their nightmares—or too pessimistic to believe that they would prefer to spread rumors instead of checking them?

Loser Take All

"They don't know how to win," Coach Joseph Fink said of his young charges as the Friendsville Academy Foxes of Friendsville, Tenn., set a new record of sorts by losing their 119th basketball game in a row (TIME, March 6, 1972). That was a year ago, and it sometimes seemed that Coach Fink was literally correct, that the Friendsville Foxes would never win again. Last week, however, after spinning out their streak to 138 consecutive losses, the Foxes encountered a team almost equally consistent: St. Camillus Academy of Corbin, Ky., which had lost 48 in a row. In the epic clash of losers v. failures, the Foxes somehow managed to stumble to victory by a score of 62-43. Said the team's new coach, Rick Little, contemplating his victory streak of one: "Oh well, you can't lose them all."

PRISONERS

An Emotional,

ALL the plans for their homecoming were aimed at protecting and pampering some fragile survivors. The exuberance of the 143 American prisoners making their way home last week indicated that the official solicitude may have been unnecessary.

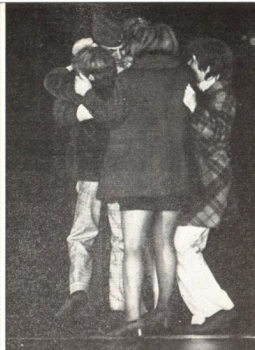
Elaborately bland hospital menus were torn up as the men wolfed down their first American food in years. Some were painfully limping as they returned, most were gray-faced and underweight, and a few seemed a little dazed. But the majority of the men, on first inspection, seemed physically fit, emotionally taut and almost boyishly delighted by their re-entry into the American world.

Many refused to sleep at all in the first days of their freedom, but stayed up talking all night, savoring the experience. As one doctor prepared for an examination of Navy Lieut. Commander Paul Galanti, a prisoner for 6½ years, the patient dropped to the floor, did 50 push ups, then walked around the room on his hands. "Knock it off, Paul," the doctor laughed. "I get your point."

All week the men were filtering home in stages to their families—from Clark Air Base in the Philippines to California, then to regional military hospitals. The reunions there were the most poignant. Air Force Major Arthur Burer, gone for seven years, arrived at Maryland's Andrews Air Force Base at 4 a.m., and had barely walked past the honor guard when his wife Nancy, followed by a horde of relatives, rushed onto the tarmac to hug him. At California's Travis Air Force Base, Air

PICTURAL PARADE





AFTER SEVEN YEARS, MRS. NANCY BURER RUSHES TO GREET HER HUSBAND, MAJOR ARTHUR BURER, AT MARYLAND'S ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE

Exuberant Welcome Home

Force Major Hayden Lockhart Jr., shot down over the North in 1965, was welcomed home by his wife Jill and a son, Jamie, whom he had never met.

The homecoming was from the start an emotional event, not only for the prisoners and their families but also for millions who watched the various airport ceremonies on television. For the first time in many years of the Viet Nam experience, the nation was indulging in an unabashed patriotism. Navy Captain Jeremiah Denton set the tone when he stepped off the C-141 hospital plane that ferried the first batch of men from Hanoi to Clark. Denton smartly saluted the welcoming brass, then stepped to waiting microphones. "We are honored to have the opportunity to serve

our country under difficult circumstances," he said. "We are profoundly grateful to our Commander in Chief and to our nation for this day." Then, his voice quavering with emotion, he added: "God bless America!"

Navy Lieut. Commander Everett Alvarez Jr., who was captured in 1964 and became the longest-held prisoner in North Viet Nam, bounced down the ramp after Denton. In the second plane from Hanoi came Air Force Colonel James Robinson ("Robbie") Risner, an Air Force ace from World War II, Korea and Viet Nam, who was captured in 1965. "It's like we've been asleep for seven years," he said.

After an eleven-hour delay, the first prisoners freed by the Viet Cong in the South arrived, looking more gaunt and dazed from their captivity than the men from the North. Douglas Kent Ramsey, a civilian adviser captured in 1966, walked off the plane in his prisoner's pajamas and with a subdued, satisfied smile, bowed to welcoming officers—an odd Oriental touch.

That first night of freedom at Clark, the men indulged in what one officer called "an orgy of eating"—liver smothered in onions, fried chicken, steaks. The prisoners did not select one meat or another but ate them all, then tore into the cornflakes, heaping salads and triple-scoop banana splits. At 3 a.m., one prisoner went back to the cafeteria and ate an entire loaf of bread, each slice thickly coated with butter.

The meticulous planning for room assignments did not last any longer than

the hospital diets. The men hopped from room to room, switching beds, or roommates, until they were satisfied with the arrangements. At 3 a.m., the command center received a call from the doctors that the civilian prisoners were wide awake and wanted to talk, so debriefers were sent over to get on with the processing. Meantime, the first next-of-kin calls were being put through to the U.S. "Say, Honey, it's me," one prisoner stammered. "I hope you haven't burned all your brassières." "Hi, Mom." "It's been a long time." The calls, which were to be limited to 15 minutes, averaged 40.

By the second night, the doctors realized that they could not keep the men penned up much longer. Four busloads of them were taken on a shopping expedition to the Base exchange, where the men snapped up cameras, radios, stereos, portable color TV sets, jewelry and perfume. If, as feared, they found it difficult to make choices after their long captivity, they did not show it.

"Hi." Two of the prisoners, Navy Commander Brian Woods and Air Force Major Glendon W. Perkins, were rushed back to the U.S. immediately to see their mothers, who were critically ill. By midweek, the rest began flying home. The welcomes were short and emotional. At Virginia's Norfolk Naval Air Station, a crowd of several hundred people sang *God Bless America!* and *Onward, Christian Soldiers* as they waited in the wet night for Denton, Gallant and Navy Captain James A. Mulligan. "Hi, everybody," said Mulligan. "There's something great about kids waving American flags."

The three and their families were driven to Portsmouth Naval Hospital for private reunions, complete with champagne, that lasted nearly until



P.O.W.'S SIGN AT CLARK
A certain uniformity.



DENTON'S MOTHER REMOVES BRACELET
An emotional event.

dawn. Mulligan, gone for more than six years, called photographers to take pictures of him with his six sons, some of them sporting long hair. Later, his wife reported: "His biggest shock is the way society as a whole has changed. The mood of the country has changed. Also the Catholic Church. It's like beginning to live all over again." Mrs. Galanti said that her husband wanted to hear about the moon shots, about President Nixon's China trip. "He's interested in Women's Lib," she added, "and he goes along with it. I'm glad about that, because I've become pretty aggressive."

The President, despite his obvious pleasure, did not participate directly in the welcomes. He had said earlier that he did not want to interfere in what should be family occasions. Still, his presence was ubiquitous throughout the week. Apparently by prearrangement among themselves, the P.O.W. spokesmen all made a point of thanking the Commander in Chief for their release (see box). The President wrote letters to many of the families and also dispatched corsages to their wives.

For the present, the men were ordered not to discuss their lives in captivity, at least not until all the prisoners are released. A reasonably clear general picture about the life of prisoners in the North had already emerged: captives there were held in camps, sustained by regular though substandard diets and permitted to keep themselves physically fit. It was a hard but organized life. "During some of our darkest days," Capt. Denton recalled, "we tried to cheer one another by emitting a signal, the soft whistling of the song *California, Here I Come*. We usually knew we were whistling in the dark."

Little information had been collected about captivity in the South. As the prisoners came back from that oblivion, a few fascinating details emerged. No prisoner of the Viet Cong had received a single letter since April 1970. Kept on the move, the men to some extent became inured to such illnesses as malaria and dysentery.

Explained Frank A. Sieverts, a State Department expert on P.O.W. affairs

Back in the U.S., from top, left to right: Air Force First Lieut. William Y. Acuri embraces his wife Andrea at Travis Air Force Base, Calif.; Air Force Lieut. Colonel Alan Brunstrom rushes into arms of his wife Helen at Travis; Navy Commander Brian Woods of Lemoore, Calif., reunited with his wife Paula at Miramar Naval Air Station, San Diego; Air Force Captain James E. Ray of Conroe, Texas, greeted by his mother Mrs. Leonard F. Ray (left) and sister Mrs. Ann Duncan at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas.

who talked to the prisoners at Clark Air Base: "After two or three years, the cycle of illness and health stopped alternating and stabilized at a somewhat lower life-supporting plateau." Treatment for injuries was frequently crude—sometimes wounds were lanced with rusty nails. Said one prisoner from the South: "This stuff about not being able to live without sex is nonsense. What I dreamed about was food and medicine."

Army Captain George Wanat was more bitter than most about his captivity with the Viet Cong. He told his father in Waterford, Conn., "I'd kill those bastards if I ever saw them again." He reported that he had been kept in solitary confinement for five months "in a bamboo cage full of ants and poisonous snakes." His diet, he said, was rice and pork fat, rationed at one bowl a day, plus some water.

It was also becoming obvious that

A Nixonian Mood of Ebullience

RICHARD NIXON was delighted last week by an unexpected four-minute telephone call to the San Clemente White House. From Clark Air Base in the Philippines, newly released P.O.W. Colonel Robinson Risner told him: "The men would like me to convey to you, Mr. President, that it would be the greatest personal honor and pleasure to shake your hand and tell you personally how proud we are to have you as our President."

After so much criticism of so many aspects of Nixon's Viet Nam policy, the call from Risner must have sounded like the most heartening kind of vindication. The President, who returned to Washington later that day, suddenly seemed to become yet another new Nixon—ebullient, conciliatory, even humorous. The somber isolation of Camp David far behind him, he was suddenly everywhere, talking officially and informally on a variety of subjects. With his family, he strolled and quipped his way through Lafayette Square Park ("Perfectly safe. No problem when you've got about ten Secret Service agents with you"), dined out on Crab Rangoon at Trader Vic's, invited newsmen into the

Oval Office to overhear decisions of state, and advised Richard Helms, his new ambassador to Iran, that Iranian caviar was "the best in the world." Between the pleasantries and the public appearances, he also made and talked policy on a broad range of issues:

► On the trade deficit: In one of those sudden dramatic strokes that have become his trademark, Nixon fought against the international monetary crisis by devaluing the U.S. dollar 10% (see THE ECONOMY).

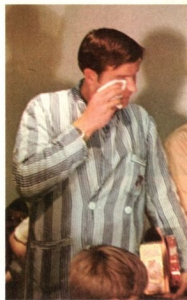
► On skyjacking: Nixon scooped the State Department by breaking the news of a treaty with Cuba that provides for a "most severe penalty" or extradition for the piracy of planes or ships between the two countries. The U.S. retains the right to offer political asylum to Cuban refugees who steal small boats or planes without violence or extortion, but it has pledged to deal harshly with exile expeditions carried out by Cuban refugees against Cuba. Though the treaty marks the first breakthrough in relations with Cuba since 1961, Secretary of State Rogers insisted that it did not represent any general thawing of relations.

► On the environment: Nixon took to the radio to outline legislation that his Administration was presenting to Congress to meet the energy crisis and to build on his "proud" environmental record of the past four years (see THE ENVIRONMENT). The President grandly announced: "America is well on the way to winning the war against environmental degradation."

► On agriculture: In the same address and in a detailed message to Congress presented later in the week, Nixon announced his intention to phase out farm subsidies over three years, to "keep the farmer on his land and the Government off" (see THE ESSAY).

In 49 months in office, the President had rarely been more visible or voluble. After a weekend in Florida ("I was happy to bring the boys home," he said during a visit to the Mayport Naval Station), Nixon planned a meeting with AFL-CIO President George Meany, then an address to the South Carolina state legislature. In his moment of triumph, Nixon seemed less calculating, more casual than usual. The relaxed mood appeared to be catching. Finishing her dinner at Trader Vic's, Pat Nixon lit up her first cigarette in public since her husband took office. To Washington observers, it was a smoke signal.







LOCKHART MEETING SON
A boyish delight.

the prisoners in the North had maintained a fairly rigid internal system of discipline and command. Communications among the prisoners appear to have been excellent. They exercised vigorously, kept their minds active by teaching one another foreign languages and other subjects. It probably was no accident that the men's statements as they arrived back in the U.S. had a certain uniformity. As for the antiwar statements that the North Vietnamese elicited from some of the prisoners, including himself, Robbie Risner said at a press conference at Clark: "I think we should consider the source of those statements. They were made in prison. At no time during my imprisonment have I failed to support my President, my country and my President's policy."

At week's end Hanoi was to release 20 more prisoners. The next group was promised in another two weeks. For those already out, the period of adjustment seemed to be going rapidly. In Miami, Navy Lieut. Commander Ralph Gaither stepped off the plane into his family's arms after 7½ years. Later, his sister Shirley reported: "He wants to buy a sailboat, but his fondest desire is to drink a can of beer under a back-yard tree."

At Clark Air Base in the Philippines, from top: crowd greets first planeload of returning P.O.W.s; Air Force Master Sergeant William A. Robinson of Robersonville, N.C., and Navy Captain Jeremiah Denton of Virginia Beach, Va., acknowledge Valentine gifts from schoolchildren; Robinson is overcome with tears; Air Force Lieut. Colonel John J. Pitchford of Natchez, Miss., whiffs perfume at base exchange; Air Force Major Thomas E. Collins checks out hot pants and other new fashions in same exchange.

VIET NAM

And Now, Reconstruction

DESPITE the proclamation of a cease-fire, Communist gunners last week shot down a U.S. helicopter near An Loc, injuring five American crewmen. Armed clashes between Communist and South Vietnamese troops were running at about 150 a day. Air raids over the jungles of Laos by American B-52 bombers and fighter-bombers actually increased to an astonishing 380 strikes each day. Yet such are the bewildering juxtapositions of the Indochina conflict that, at the same time, Henry Kissinger moved through Hanoi and Peking suggesting plans to heal the wounds of war through a pharmacopoeia of economic aid.

President Nixon had first proposed that the U.S. "undertake a massive \$7.5 billion five-year reconstruction program" for all of Indochina as part of an American peace plan one year ago. Last week Kissinger and Hanoi's leaders took the first concrete step toward setting such a program in motion. After three days of what a communiqué termed "frank, serious and constructive" talks, they announced agreement on the creation of a Joint Economic Commission to survey North Viet Nam's reconstruction needs (see box page 18) and disburse the funds when—and if—the U.S. Congress agrees to provide them.

Stares. The need for reconstruction was obvious from the moment Kissinger arrived in the city that the U.S. had so recently bombed. His blue and white presidential 707 was forced to land at a military airbase well outside the city because the runway at Hanoi's Gia Lam airport is too short. The area surrounding Hanoi's airfield is leveled, and many bridges are still out. The 30-minute motorcade of curtained black Russian sedans had to cross a plank-covered steel pontoon bridge over the Red River to enter Hanoi.

Kissinger himself did not see much bomb damage. He and his team occupied a high-ceilinged yellow stucco house, once the residence of the French administrator of Tonkin, with a formal garden graced by peach and plum blossoms in bloom. Walking along the shores of Hoan Kiem Lake, Kissinger was the object of stares from passers-by, but none approached him. He was impressed by the city's quiet, where the street traffic consists mainly of bicycles.

Slipping tea at the Presidential Palace, Premier Pham Van Dong and Kissinger's familiar Paris adversary Le Duc Tho spent some of their time with the American in replaying the Paris talks, trying to assess each other's motives and tactics. They smiled often, obviously respecting each other's professional skills. There were few recriminations about the war. Instead there were realistic analyses of the problems that lie ahead.

Specifically, Kissinger worked at measures for stopping the cease-fire violations and for further checks on missing Americans, but the main emphasis was on reconstruction. The Joint Commission, which is expected to begin its work in about a month, will be based in Hanoi but may hold some of its meetings in Washington. Although its creation reflects a spirit of reconciliation, it is not entirely an instrument of charity. Quite bluntly, Kissinger made it clear in Hanoi that U.S. aid is conditional upon the Communists' observing the terms of the truce settlement.

The agreement on a commission did not resolve deep differences between Washington and Hanoi over how reconstruction will be accomplished. The North Vietnamese leaders argued that Hanoi must have complete control over the disbursement of aid funds. "They want to decide where, for what and how much," reported a U.S. diplomat. Kissinger insisted, however, that neither U.S. law nor the U.S. Congress would allow foreign-aid money to be spent without some direction from Washington and some proof of its effective use. Also still at issue is whether the U.S. will channel its funds through some multinational agency, as Washington prefers, or directly to the Joint Commission, as Hanoi wishes. Hanoi apparently hopes to play off various world powers against each other by making bilateral arrangements with each.

Kissinger and the North Vietnamese also remained in disagreement over how U.S. aid would be handled in rebuilding South Viet Nam. The Commu-



KISSINGER & CHOU IN PEKING
Familiarity for the fifth time.

THE NATION

nists want it to go to the still to be created National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord, on which the Viet Cong will be represented. Washington supports the argument of South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu that this would make the Council more of a governing body than the truce agreement permits and that Thieu's government must receive the funds. But just how aid to South Viet Nam would reach areas under Communist control remains a problem.

Postwar reconstruction and reconciliation was also a major topic as Kissinger flew into Peking. It was his fifth mission to the Chinese capital, and familiarity made the atmosphere more cordial than in Hanoi. He spent a few hours in conversation with Chairman Mao Tse-tung. In long talks with Premier Chou En-lai, Kissinger persisted in his argument that all foreign aid to Viet Nam should go through an international agency, while the Chinese prefer giving their help directly to the recipient. Kissinger further urged Chou to help guarantee the still elusive peace in Viet Nam. Each probed the other's intentions for the impending 13-party international guarantee conference, which will begin in Paris next week. A

main aim of the conference is to create a means of acting on any violations of the cease-fire that are reported by the International Commission of Control and Supervision, which has yet to become fully operational.

Kissinger's wide-ranging Peking talks also touched on Taiwan, as he reminded Chou that this is now primarily a problem between the two Chinese regimes. Kissinger told Chou that the U.S. intends soon to remove most of its token 9,000-man military force from Taiwan since it served primarily in logistic support of U.S. operations in Viet Nam. Kissinger reminded Chou, however, that the U.S.-Taiwan defense treaty will nonetheless remain in effect.

In both Hanoi and Peking, Kissinger pressed the Communists to help achieve a cease-fire in Laos and Cambodia. The substance of those discussions remained secret, and there were few signs of definite progress. The week ended without the predicted truce in Laos. Some 67,000 North Vietnamese troops there still seemed determined to try to seize as much land as possible, while the U.S. unleashed its bombers with what looked like the same kind of punitive pressure it had applied in North Viet Nam.

The U.S. reportedly has urged the government of Premier Souvanna Phouma not to accede to any new demands from the Communist Pathet Lao and to seek a cease-fire based on the same principles as the Paris peace settlement for Viet Nam.

It was obvious that many difficulties remained in securing an effective end to the fighting in Indochina before any reconstruction efforts could begin. Even then, there remained some serious doubts as to whether Congress will authorize the spending of billions in Southeast Asia at a time when domestic programs are being sharply restricted. Even the amount of money Nixon will seek has not been revealed. High Washington officials insisted that his previous estimate of \$7.5 billion, of which \$2.5 billion would be spent in North Viet Nam, was only a "ballpark," talking figure at the time, not to be taken too seriously.

Some Senators and Congressmen are particularly opposed to helping North Viet Nam, such a recent enemy of the U.S., at all. "They'll be ice skating in hell the day I vote any assistance for that bunch of murderers in Hanoi," declared Ohio's Democratic Congressman Wayne L. Hays. Some Democrats

The Job That Needs to Be Done

HOW much damage has actually been inflicted in Viet Nam during a generation of war? How much of that damage can be repaired? By what means and at what cost?

The conflicting claims of the combatants have long hampered efforts to get reliable estimates of war damage. But as the push toward reconstruction begins, this matter is receiving urgent attention from a special State Department task force headed by Assistant Secretary Marshall Green (slated soon to become Ambassador to Australia). Mean-

while, the most reliable overall damage estimate is that of Japan's Nomura Economic Research Institute, which places the reconstruction needs of both North and South Viet Nam at between \$12 billion and \$15 billion over the next ten years.

Despite the many years of warfare in South Viet Nam, physical damage in the North is actually greater because of the concentrated U.S. bombing campaigns. Most of North Viet Nam's electric-generating capacity was destroyed, its railroad lines cut and its

highways disrupted. Work has only just begun on repairing the heavy damage to the docks and other port facilities in Haiphong (and removing the mines the U.S. laid there). An obvious initial task will be to clear away the rubble. For rebuilding, the basic need is money to buy bricks, concrete, tools and machinery.

North Viet Nam, which had a gross national product of \$1.6 billion in 1970 (\$90 per capita), suffered extensive disruption of its light industry—notably food processing (rice, sugar, fish, tea) and textiles ("bombed to pieces," in the words of a Swedish authority). Hanoi's Viet Nam News Agency claims that the machinery that was evacuated to avoid bomb damage is now being returned. The North also has an embryonic coal-mining industry, which underwent some damage, but Japan stands ready to buy 2,000,000 tons annually from the Hon Gay coal mines.

While private construction firms in the U.S. and other industrial nations are eager to join in the rebuilding—if their governments foot the bill—Hanoi does not like the notion of foreign engineers directing such projects. It wants to do the work itself with foreign dollars, although its supply of trained manpower is not abundant. Washington's hope is a contrary one: it would like to provide the technical help and materials to get the job done, while holding the money to a minimum.

Since U.S. officials have been able to move more freely through South Viet Nam, the extent of damage there is

BOMBED RUINS OF KHAM THIEN QUARTER IN HANOI



want to use their refusal to vote Indochina aid as a club to force Nixon to yield in his running battle with Congress over his impounding of funds already appropriated. Even such a long-time supporter of foreign aid as Minnesota's Democratic Senator Hubert Humphrey said he cannot support the rebuilding of Haiphong while part of Washington, D.C., remains unreconstructed since the race riots of 1968.

Yet despite such opposition, the moral obligation of the U.S. seems clear. Much of the destruction and refugee dislocation was caused by U.S. bombs—and the cease-fire agreement commits the U.S. to pay. Besides, the precedent of American postwar compassion is plain: A nation willing to help rebuild Germany after Hitler would seem unlikely in the long run to refuse aid to North Viet Nam. There are also strong practical arguments for aid, since it would maintain some U.S. influence, as against that of Russia and China, and could turn the rival forces to peaceful pursuits in accordance with the truce settlement. Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott may be right in his prediction that "after everyone has made his pitch," then Congress probably will approve the money for reconstruction.

more readily assessed. The agriculture of the South needs extensive rebuilding; nearly 1,000,000 acres of valuable rice-land were abandoned during the war. Most of the 2,500-mile system of canals and dikes was similarly neglected, allowing salt water to damage cropland. Dredging sludge from the canals and restoring fertility to the fields will be a slow and expensive process, demanding both massive manpower and large amounts of fertilizer.

The U.S. estimates that it will cost about \$100 million to repair South Viet Nam's public facilities. This includes the reconstruction of at least 212 destroyed bridges, gaps in the railroad lines running from Quang Tri to Saigon (about \$1,000,000 should get the trains back into running condition), the repair of electric-transmission lines and rebuilding of schools and hospitals. Almost 2,000 miles of primary two-lane roads—about half of the South's total—also need repair, at a cost of nearly \$500 million.

One problem shared by both North and South is that of relocating the large numbers of refugees, either by the reconstruction of their former homes or the creation of new villages. The exact number of refugees is unknown, but one estimate places the figure in the South alone at about 600,000 living in camps and another 200,000 elsewhere, many with relatives. The cost of relocation is estimated at \$100 per refugee, or a total in the South of \$80 million.



OMB'S FRED MALEK



WHITAKER



MORGAN



CARLUCCI



KROGH

THE WHITE HOUSE

Not-So-Secret Agents

Sometimes they are called "Big Brother," sometimes the "Whiz Kids," often just "the White House Presence"—but never to their faces. Quietly, they have moved out of the inner circles of the White House and into key positions in the balky federal bureaucracy that President Nixon is determined to tame. From their new posts, often as second-level deputies in the departments, they can both influence policy and keep the President posted on how well it is being carried out—as well as who might be getting in the way.

This expanding circle of presidential "agents" is largely the creation of two of Nixon's closest and toughest aides, John Ehrlichman and H.R. (Bob) Haldeman, referred to openly and jocularly by Ohio Republican Senator William Saxton as those "two Nazis Nixon keeps around him." A key operator in selecting and placing the agents is Fred Malek, 36, former chief of the White House personnel office, who has now acquired a pivotal Government-wide supervisory job as Deputy Director of OMB, the Office of Management and Budget. Nixon had given Malek the choice of a Cabinet position ("a small department, but still flattering," Malek recalls) or the No. 2 Budget job. His choice of the OMB spot, at Nixon's urging, indicates the declining importance of the Secretaries in Nixon's eyes.

A self-made millionaire (from a South Carolina tool company), Malek joined the Administration in 1969 as Deputy Under Secretary of HEW. He soon proved himself a fierce administrator. When Nixon ousted Interior Secretary Wally Hickel for his criticism of the Administration, it was Malek who swept into Hickel's office and told six of his top aides to clear out their desks by the end of the week. After John

Mitchell left the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, it was Malek who ran the committee from his post as deputy director.

The men chosen by Malek & Co. are in their 30s or 40s, bright and able, although in some cases wholly unfamiliar with the departments to which they have been assigned. By department, the Nixon changes include:

TREASURY. Edward L. Morgan, 34, who was a deputy to Ehrlichman, is now an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. A University of Arizona graduate and a lawyer, he is a protégé of Arizona Senator Barry Goldwater and Attorney General Richard Kleindienst, who got him a job as an advance man in the 1968 Nixon campaign.

INTERIOR. John C. Whitaker, 46, who was briefly secretary of the Cabinet and then assistant director of the Domestic Council staff, is now Under Secretary of the Interior. A geologist who once worked for the Standard Oil Co. of California, he has been a Nixon campaign associate for nearly 20 years. Although Interior Secretary Rogers Morton insists that he welcomes Whitaker, the two were rivals in Maryland political battles.

TRANSPORTATION. Egil Krogh Jr., 33, who worked in Ehrlichman's Seattle law firm during his student years, has become Under Secretary of Transportation. Krogh was only a year out of law school (the University of Washington), and had never actually practiced law when Ehrlichman brought him to Washington in 1969 as Deputy Counsel to the President. A few months later he became Deputy Assistant for Domestic Affairs, a position that included some work on transportation policies. But he has no other background in the field.

HEW. Frank C. Carlucci, 42, a college friend of former OEO Director Donald Rumsfeld, is now Under Secretary of HEW. Rumsfeld got him to join

THE NATION

OEO in 1969 after he had worked in Africa and Brazil as a foreign service officer. He followed Rumsfeld as OEO director, then moved to the White House in 1971 as Associate Director of OMB.

DEFENSE. The spot for a White House agent has not been filled yet but has been kept open by the refusal of the Nixon staff to accept Defense Secretary Elliot Richardson's choice for an assistant secretary. He wanted a longtime associate, Jonathan Moore, for the job but reluctantly agreed to place Moore in a lower position.

When that Defense job is filled, Nixon will have either a former member of his staff or a man of proven compatibility at or near the top of every Department except Labor.

One Nixon admirer in the Government admits that all these White House agents "could stifle creative thinking" by other officials who want to offer constructive criticism but fear that any candid doubts about Nixon policy would quickly get back to the President as expressions of disloyalty. On the other hand, argues the White House, the changes may well serve to make the federal bureaucracy more efficient. Concedes one insider: "I know there are a lot of people who look at these White House men and think Big Brother is watching. Well, maybe that's good."

Changing the Guard

Presidential Press Secretary Ron Ziegler rarely loses his temper. But he lost it last week when newsmen questioned him closely about the removal of Robert H. Taylor, the head of the White House Secret Service detail, after a run-in with Nixon's Chief of Staff H.R. Haldeman. Ziegler claimed Taylor had been promoted to the somewhat lesser job of protecting visiting foreign dignitaries. "Why are you going through this charade?" demanded one White House correspondent. "Why not just level about it?" "You can assess what I am doing here as a charade," Ziegler shot back. "[but] I take issue with that. First of all, Mr. Taylor was not fired."

The circumstances of his removal were somewhat unusual, however, to say the least. Taylor, 46, who has worked for the Secret Service since 1950, clashed with Haldeman last Nov. 3. Haldeman asked Taylor to lower the ropes at the airport in Providence, R.I., so that a crowd could come surging through the barriers to create a "spontaneous" welcome. Taylor turned down the request. When Haldeman insisted on having his way, according to one unverified account, Taylor threatened to have him arrested on the spot.

Taylor has been the head of the White House detail since 1967, but Haldeman reportedly went to Secret Service Director James J. Rowley and demanded his removal. (Rowley officially denies this.) On Feb. 9, without any public announcement, Taylor was replaced by Acting Chief Richard E. Keiser.

PROTEST

"They Are Killing Me"

The silver-haired old man, tall but slightly stoop-shouldered, rocked back and forth in an ancient chair at the center of the stage. His desk near by was piled high with printer's galleys and papers. He was finishing a dreamlike trip through his childhood, the final moment in a two-hour monologue on slavery, war and American history. From a packed audience at New York's Town Hall, a voice asked, "Mr. Douglass, what do we do? What do we do *now*?"

The aged figure of Abolitionist Douglass struggled out of the chair. "Agitate!" he cried. "Agitate! Agitate!" Blackout. A single spotlight cut through the darkness, focusing on the old rocking chair—now empty, still swaying back and forth. The audience rose to its feet for a thunderous ovation.

Arthur Burghardt, 25, who wrote and starred in the Douglass drama, got up the next morning, drank a bottle of champagne and then went to Manhattan's federal courthouse and gave himself up to start a five-year prison term for rejecting induction into the Army.

Burghardt, the estranged son of an educator who is now president of a community college in Hartford, Conn., went to Deerfield Academy, then Rutgers, began acting in Shakespeare, later taught in the drama department at Antioch. His draft troubles began in 1966 when he applied for a conscientious-objector classification. His claim was rejected on grounds of insufficient "credibility and sincerity." The next year he was sentenced to five years (the average term is two years), but various appeals kept him out of prison until November 1971.

Burghardt was sent to the Federal Correctional Institution in Danbury,

Conn., where he became friendly with another prisoner, the Rev. Daniel Berrigan. The two jugged together and discussed the theater and Viet Nam. In *Absurd Convictions*, *Modest Hopes*, Berrigan wrote about Burghardt: "This young black resister...had been an actor and TV personality. He came in like a Roman candle, with all his talents exploding around us."

It was precisely the image of Burghardt as a "Roman candle" that worried friends when he first went to Danbury. "His presence just demands a reaction," observes Denise Spalding, a Manhattan social worker who is now raising funds for Burghardt's defense. "There is no way Arthur can walk into a room and not be noticed." Burghardt is in fact 6 ft. 6 in., weighs 250 lbs., and he has a deep, booming voice. "The moment he went into prison," says his chief defense attorney, William Kunstler, "he was doomed."

Explosive. Within three months, Burghardt helped to lead a strike against inmate working conditions, and was thrown into solitary for five months. Cited for "poor" and "explosive" attitudes, he was then transferred to the U.S. Penitentiary at Terre Haute, Ind., a maximum-security prison filled with racial hostilities. Last August, Burghardt's second month there, a fight broke out in the prison yard between two inmates, one black and one white. When the prison guards broke up the fight, they led only the black inmate away to be disciplined. A crowd of 200 blacks gathered to protest, Burghardt among them. Later that evening he was summoned to the warden's office and refused to go. Guards used chemical spray and rubber truncheons to subdue him, then took him to solitary. Three guards were injured in the fight. Two of these "assaults" were handled administratively; for the third, Burghardt now faces another trial, probably in April or May, and a possible additional sentence of three years.

Federal officials express surprise at the attention Burghardt's case is receiving. He was "identified as a ringleader," says Norman Carlson, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, "and when the officers attempted to place him in segregation, he attempted to agitate other inmates in his behalf."

Ironically, while one arm of the Federal Government has Burghardt locked up, another, the National Endowment for the Arts, has granted him \$7,000 to work on a movie on Frederick Douglass. Burghardt is trying to write the screenplay in prison. But as Burghardt himself said to one of his defense attorneys, "They are killing me."

One of his ardent backers is Philip Langner, president of the New York Theatre Guild. "It's a crime that such a great talent has to languish in jail," Langner says. "You only have so many years in your life, but Arthur is never going to say 'O.K., you win.' He could be there forever."



BURGHARDT AS FREDERICK DOUGLASS
"Like a Roman candle."

AMERICAN SCENE

A Nice, Friendly Place to Visit

"Where do you live?"

"Palm Beach."

"Yes, but where do you live?"

"Palm Beach."

"I mean, where do you live in real life?"

—Two Palm Beach women, 1973

The unreal life of the croquet tournament and the formal ball goes on today just as though nothing much had changed, except for the invention of air conditioning, since Henry Flagler first laid a railroad span across Lake Worth in 1894 and opened up an idyllic new playground to his friends. From what is probably the world's richest island, now at the height of the two-month ritual known simply as The Season, TIME's Peter Range reports:

PALM BEACH is the kind of town where a base population of 10,000 (swelling during the winter to about 40,000, including the contingent of imported British servants) supports no less than eight branch offices of New York Stock Exchange firms; a bank that handles about \$500 million in its trust department; some 25 art galleries peddling an estimated \$10 million worth of what local Culture Critic Rolf Kaltenborn calls "the worst art per square inch of any place in the world"; a brand new Rolls-Royce dealership that has sold 35 cars since its opening in West Palm Beach last September; and a mayor who campaigns, usually unopposed, in a mere Cadillac.

Orchids. It is also a town where golf carts have a permanent right of way in crossing Highway A-1-A, the island's main traffic artery, in front of the Breakers Hotel. It is just the place for alliances of the rich and famous to be born. Silver-haired Jim Kimberly, the Kleenex heir, and his 22-year-old wife Jacque were out fishing for sailfish a week ago with King Hussein of Jordan, who had made it a point to phone the Kimberlys before meeting with President Nixon in Washington.

Louis Yaeger, an investment consultant and Western Union's largest shareholder, prefers informal surroundings. "I can conduct all my business around the pool," he says. So can Frank McMahon, a Canadian oil millionaire. His poolside telephone has four lines for calls to New York and Vancouver. Though many Palm Beach notables deal daily in stock portfolios that could make a conglomerate feel like a shoe-shine parlor, it is considered proper to chat not about mergers but perhaps the difficulties of orchid raising.

The women of Palm Beach generally fall into two categories, and their men follow close behind (in Gucci loafers). Some are big on the social scene, like Mary Sanford, who claims to have

been one of the first to make money for charity at parties that everyone was going to anyway. "Women like to put on their ball gowns. They can't wear them to a little private party, can they?" Others profess to avoid it as much as they can. Mrs. Algur Meadows (General American Oil) much prefers to play golf, especially on Ladies' Day at the Everglades Club, but she gets "caught up in" the (strictly ladies) luncheon and (mixed) dinner party circuit. "There are almost too many parties," complains Mrs. Meadows. "I was recently out eleven nights in a row. I canceled out on the twelfth, and there's a luncheon every day. Some people have nothing more to do!"

Her scuba-diving friend, Mrs. George Schrafft, wife of the candy and restaurant man, avoids the grander events and still manages to survive as a popular member of the set. "I love this place because we can have our boat out of the inlet in ten minutes," she says. "But opening night at the Playhouse levery Monday is opening night—that's the biggest deal in town. All these dames get their jewels out of the vault and go. It's ludicrous."

In fact, the ceremonial of redeeming the jewels at the Worth Avenue National Bank rather resembles a Blue Chip stamp close-out. Troops of chauffeurs stop on South County Road to retrieve the little black bags filled with Madame's diamonds and Sir's cuff links, and they return later at night to redeposit the goods under the watchful eyes of a guard equipped with a short-barreled shotgun. The First National Bank has other treasures in its vaults, including someone's favorite mink teddy bear and 500 bottles of rare French wine of vintages back to 1926.

The leading dowager, Marjorie Merriweather Post, 85, believes in marriage (four), and so, in its way, does the rest of Palm Beach. Millionaire William Wakeman, who had a roving eye, was mysteriously wounded one night, which confined him to a wheelchair, but he continued escorting Mrs. Nancy Wakeman to parties, and when asked about his affliction, he would gently say, "My wife shot me."

Besides, since everyone knows everyone else ("If you sneeze in the north end, you've got pneumonia in the south end," says Jacque Kimberly), there is little chance for any secret hanky-panky to stay secret. A man of station holds his liquor well and does not dance till



HOSTESS SANFORD



THE KIMBERLYS



THE SPORTING LIFE ON THE BREAKERS' FRONT LAWN
One of the last civilized places.

dawn with pretty young things. An 11 p.m. nightclub at the Colony Hotel bar is considered a late-night revel.

Rita Lachman, a Parisian gracing the shores of Palm Beach for the first time this season, is enthusiastic about the city. Asked what she is doing with her time, she explains in thick continental accents, "I just divorced Charles Lachman [of Revlon], so you know I'm doing nothing. But I've worn a long dress every night for six weeks, and I've had my picture in the paper seven times already. This is probably one of the last civilized places left in America. It's so rich and it's friendly."

Well, March 3rd is Betty McMahon's Hospital Ball, for which she says she has been getting up at 7 every morning and at which she plans to raise \$1,000,000. Her friends have been donating unwanted diamonds for auctioning. "Women have some need to get together," she observes. "So why not get together for charity? Let's face it, if you were married to a bus driver, you couldn't do this."

Time to Plant a New Farm Policy

FARMERS in the U.S. have long stood in the anomalous position of being gradually and benevolently subsidized out of existence. For the overall American economy to become ever larger, a smaller and smaller segment of its work force has had to take over the job of growing the nation's food, thus allowing the rest to use their energies in other industries. The U.S. was able to urbanize as rapidly as it did in large part because the Government helped those who chose to stay on the land to become steadily more productive. It built land-grant colleges for their sons, provided constant and up-to-the-minute weather information, paid for agricultural research, and, most important, adopted a whole series of policies that made the U.S. farmer a privileged denizen of the land.

The result is that within only a few generations, the American soil has bloomed as almost no one believed it could.

LEE BALTERMAN



ILLINOIS FARM FAMILY ENJOYING DINNER

Even though the U.S. farm population has continued to shrink—from one out of every seven job holders to one in only 25 just since World War II—U.S. farmers are still able to produce a harvest out of all proportion to the nation's food needs. Whenever such surpluses hit the market, they obviously caused prices to shoot downward, often to the point of cruel losses to the men who grew the food. To this almost unique problem of enormous overproductivity on the farms, the Government eventually was forced to find a solution. Exactly 40 years ago from this year's spring planting season, Washington began paying many of the nation's farmers not to use part of their land for crops. The aim was to keep farm supplies down to roughly the current level of demand, and thus keep prices up to roughly what farmers thought to be a fair rate of return on their time and money.

That plan has long since become a kind of monster. In fiscal year 1972, the Government pumped out some \$4 billion in farm subsidies, v. \$3.8 billion in 1967. Many U.S. farmers—along with their local tractor dealer, seed salesman and mail-order supplier—have come to count on Washington's annual check for part of their income, whether or not they actually need it. The maze of rules surrounding federal farm policy has turned farming into a kind of beat-the-Government-at-its-own-game business, encouraging some farmers to collect subsidies that rightfully they should not get.

Most important, the subsidies have not been doing their job of late. Current farm supplies are substantially below demand—an imbalance that is forcing up food prices at their fastest rate in a quarter century. Wholesale prices of meat,

produce and other farm goods rose a disturbing 2.9% in January, having already vaulted by more than 5% in December. The total increase for both months topped a 26-year record for food inflation in so short a period. These increases soon will be passed on to the consumer.

Every President since Truman has despaired of federal farm policy and tried to change it. Some have succeeded in making adjustments; the level of price supports, a plan under which the Government guarantees that commodity prices will not fall below a certain set amount, was lowered slightly in the Johnson Administration, for example. In the face of a powerful farm bloc in Congress, however, no President has dared to seek major changes in agricultural policy. But Richard Nixon, faced with growing consumer outrage at food prices and with no need to seek re-election, last week unveiled a daring plan that would, over perhaps three years, abolish federal farm subsidies, marketing controls and acreage allotments that limit farm supplies.

His goal, the President said, is to reduce the farmer's dependence on Government payments for part of his income, give him more freedom in planting decisions, and pave the way for increased crop exports. If the plan passes Congress—and that is anything but certain—the Administration would retain some residual authority to pay farmers to keep part of their land idle. But White House economists believe that such powers will not have to be used in the foreseeable future. "The Government is going to get out of the agriculture business," exults one economist who frequently advises Nixon. "They are sneaking out and they cannot fully admit it, but they are trying to do it." The effort is bound to touch off an acrimonious debate from the barnyard to the halls of Congress over just how the U.S. should change its farm policy, or whether it should be changed at all.

As some of the best-fed, not to say most overfed, people in the world, Americans obviously have much to be grateful for in the farm program. Moreover, the U.S. is hardly the only nation that subsidizes its farmers: many foreign countries have even more elaborate arrangements—and higher food prices. But like any other set of rules that artificially tether free markets for a long time, Washington's agricultural policy has promoted distortions. Western farmers, for example, have been paid by the Government to irrigate formerly unusable land that the very next year was placed in a soil conservation program and thus, for still a further price, was held out of production. Subsidies to milk producers are paid on the basis of the butterfat content in their cows' milk, which naturally has encouraged dairy farmers to produce, through the breeding and feeding of cattle, ever richer milk. Consumer tastes, of course, have gone precisely the other way—to large quantities of fat-free milk.

The system forces the U.S. consumer to pay two sets of hidden food costs. First, he pays more at the cash register than he would under completely free markets because the Government does not let the price on many basic commodities fall below a certain level. Then there is a second bill in the form of tax moneys that the Government spends on subsidies. Economist Charles Schultze, former U.S. budget director, estimates that consumers would pay a total of \$4.5 billion less for food each year if all Government farm programs were abolished.

During his first term, Nixon showed no more zeal than his predecessors in bucking the congressional farm bloc, which often professes to oppose handouts, but clearly wants any substitute policy to guarantee just as good a deal for farmers. Indeed, the President went after the farm vote in 1972 armed with an extra helping of dessert for almost anyone who owned a tractor. He named Earl Butz, an exceptionally outspoken and effective farm advocate, as Agriculture Sec-

retary; he allowed a higher than usual 60 million acres to be taken out of production. Needless to say, farmers did their duty at the polls.

Other forces were at work to hold down farm supplies and prop up food prices last year. For one thing, meat production is subject to normal supply cycles, which rise and fall as farmers respond to current prices by breeding more animals when prices are high and by cutting back when they are low. By unhappy coincidence, the cycles for both cattle and hogs reached their low points in unison during the last few months. Moreover, the economy as a whole shifted into high gear at the same time, and meat prices jumped. Demand from foreign buyers also jumped. The Soviets, whose harvest was a disaster, ordered \$1.2 billion worth of American grain. As a result, prices surged; wheat prices, for example, jumped almost 45% between July and October.

By the first of this year, the nation's storehouses had been drastically emptied of grain stockpiles and fattening animals—a fact that was driven home to White House policymakers by the spurt in wholesale farm prices. Suddenly it was clear that the "increased supplies route" long advocated as a counter to high food prices would have to be nudged into motion at once. Treasury Secretary George Shultz planted the seeds of the new policy in the Administration's announcement of Phase III last month.

The Phase III rules reduced the so-called wheat set-aside, or acreage taken out of production, from about 15 million in 1972 to zero in 1973, thus encouraging farmers to plant a much bigger crop. In addition, set-aside acreage for other crops can be used this year for grazing, a provision that should goad farmers into building up their livestock herds. To make certain that domestic grain requirements get first priority, the President eliminated export subsidies for the next twelve months and ordered the Government's Commodity Credit Corporation to unload most of its remaining stockpiles on the home market as soon as possible.

But not even the long overdue retreat from subsidies proposed by Nixon will get the Government completely out of agriculture—nor should it. The job of providing an orderly, dependable supply of food from field to table is such an elementary social necessity that public policy must indeed be involved in it. But the Administration can still do much to extricate itself from needless details, to encourage unfettered markets, and to keep down the cost of basic foods. The U.S. would do well to adopt these farm policies:

► **Increase supplies.** The overall objective of any U.S. agriculture program should be to increase farm output substantially. When the supply of foods that are now scarce catches up with demand, the price that consumers pay for them will begin to fall, or at least to level off. However, farmers should stop worrying so much about price-deflating oversupplies of beef and other meats. As long as the U.S. economy remains strong, the American demand for more and better meat products seems almost insatiable. As for grains, supplies should grow because of a major increase in foreign demand, brought on by new prosperity and new political realities. If Soviet leaders are serious about their promise to produce more meat, the Russians will almost certainly become long-term grain customers for American farmers. China has started buying U.S. cotton for the first time in 20 years. The Europeans, and especially the Japanese, show signs of enjoying a large part of their higher paychecks on their plates, making them promising customers as well.

► **Abolish parity.** Probably no concept in modern government is more meaningless than parity, which is the relationship between the price that farmers collect for their crops and livestock, and what they pay for the goods and services that they use. Parity harks back to Washington's Depression-era effort to raise farm prices to their level in 1910-14, which farmers then remembered as "good times." The optimum parity is 100, the theoretical level that prevailed in pre-World War I days. Today, parity is running at a relatively high mark of 80. Considering that farm productivity has changed drastically in six decades, the notion of fixing farm prices to achieve a certain parity point is about as sen-

sible as an attempt to set the defense budget on the basis of musket prices. The Administration wisely hopes to abandon parity in setting new price floors.

► **Guarantee income rather than prices.** Secretary Butz has repeatedly argued that the justification for high food prices is the farmer's understandable desire to earn an adequate income. Government subsidies and price supports, however, line the pockets of big, rich farmers far more than lower-income people on the land. Thus Washington should stop interfering with the free movement of agricultural prices and attack the periodic problem of low farm income directly—by supplementing what the marginally efficient farmer gets at market with outright Government payments. Under this plan, the Government would determine just how high the market prices for major crops should be in order for farm families to live adequately. If prices fell below that level, the Government would make up the difference by a direct income grant. Huge agribusiness firms and other large-scale farmers would not often qualify because their diversified operations would keep market fluctuations in any one crop from having a huge effect on total income.

► **Make it easier for young farmers to get started.**

ARTHUR SHAY



RAISING HOGS MASSIVELY IN MIDWEST

Despite an overabundance of farmers in general, the U.S. has a shortage of young farmers. Many young men brought up on farms who would like to stay are forced to find jobs elsewhere because their parents' operation is too small or inefficient to offer a future. Yet the capital required to get into production on even a modest farm has shot up to at least \$40,000—a sum that few farmers starting out could obtain. Just as the Government now offers special aid to "small" businesses grossing several million dollars annually, it should do more to encourage the flow of young blood into productive farming by helping qualified ag school graduates obtain credit. Such a plan would offer a fighting chance to families who are passionately attached to farming as a life-style.

More and more statesmen, and even some farm leaders, want to turn Washington's agricultural effort away from a wasteful and expensive campaign to limit production, and toward the goal of allowing the nation to realize its full bounty. They have been rebuffed and delayed largely by politics, both at home and abroad. The time finally seems to have arrived when the bulk of American farmers are well enough off financially to make the change without having to endure undue jolts, and when foreign customers are eager to buy more of America's agricultural wealth than ever before. The Administration's willingness to seize that opportunity, says Economist Walter Heller, "represents its best opportunity to go down in history on the economic front as a constructive leadership." The President would be opening a front at a point that most economists, both liberal and conservative, believe is ripe for a Nixonian counterrevolution. ■ William R. Doerner

FRANCE

Between "Us" and "Chaos"

FOR the first time since the short-lived Popular Front government of Léon Blum in 1936, a radical left-wing coalition seriously threatens to win a parliamentary majority in France. Once again the coalition is headed by a Socialist, François Mitterrand, but if it wins this time the Communist Party will play a major role in running things. Next month no fewer than 3,140 candidates will be contesting 490 seats in the National Assembly in what may

to smuggle funds to havens in Switzerland (TIME, Feb. 19). Meanwhile, Pompidou, who as President is theoretically above party conflicts, has abandoned any pretense of neutrality in a series of stage-managed interviews. Two weeks ago, in a nationwide television interview, he warned that a Gaullist defeat in March would inevitably lead to a Communist dictatorship.

"Now, of course," said the President, "the party makes meek eyes, in

mote to French voters, Gaullist Premier Pierre Messmer stressed the presumed economic consequences of a leftist sweep. He predicted a "chain reaction" of increased unemployment, a balance of payments deficit, loss of foreign markets and trouble for the franc.

In spite of these alarms and excursions, the leftists have continued to play it cool—so far with apparent success. The Communists—led by husky, strong-jawed Georges Marchais, 52, a former steelworker—have disavowed any revolutionary plans for France. Rather, they have promised to work for "social justice" entirely within the constitution and have made respectable, soothing noises about following democracy "to the end of the road."

Specter. The Socialists scoff at charges that they would become "hostages" to a Soviet-dominated Communist Party. The Communists, in turn, have displayed a modicum of independence from Moscow in recent years, and many nonleftist voters are no longer scared by the thought of Soviet domination. Mitterrand has not repeated an early pledge that his Socialists were committed to an "indestructible" five-year union with the Communists that would prevent any government from ruling France without Communist participation. Instead he stresses that the Socialists would wield a majority over the Communists in the Assembly.

There are a number of reasons for the French voters' apparent disenchantment with Gaullism. Many seem to be weary of Pompidou's arrogant exercise of presidential power. French Political Analyst Raymond Aron, a conservative, refers to Pompidou's style as "haughty, verging on the authoritarian." The low profiles presented by Mitterrand and Marchais may offer a welcome contrast. Moreover, a series of scandals involving Gaullist politicians has diminished the standing of Pompidou's party.

But French discontent evidently runs far deeper. Despite the evidence of economic progress, prosperity has not sufficiently filtered down to many blue- and white-collar workers and professionals, as well as elderly people living on wretched pensions. Nearly two-thirds of the country's 15 million workers earn less than \$300 a month, while more than 2.5 million retired men and women subsist on a social security pension of \$2.40 a day. Unemployment is increasing, the housing shortage has worsened for low-income families, and prices have risen 13% in the past two years. For millions, such gross inequalities seem to loom larger than the cold war specter of Communism.

The immediate result of a leftist victory is likely to be parliamentary paralysis. A Gaullist President with minority support could not govern, and Pompidou has implied that he will not



European cartoonist's view of Gaullist panic.

prove to be the most important and problematic French election since World War II. Despite the ruling Gaullist party's 15-year record of economic achievement, the latest newspaper polls show that the two recently reunited leftist parties are leading President Georges Pompidou's coalition by a margin of between 9% and 13%.

The nationwide surveys—published by the middle-of-the-road Paris newspapers *Le Figaro* (which gives the leftists 46% to the Gaullists' 37%) and *L'Aurore* (47% to 35%)—have shocked the complacent Gaullists and their supporters into something close to panic. Taking seriously the pledge of Socialist Mitterrand (see box page 27) that a leftist victory in France would culminate in "the suppression of capitalism," businessmen have stepped up their efforts

an effort to please and not scare anyone"—so much so that Frenchmen really do not believe that the Communists would dare to seize power in France. "Yet did you believe that Prussia and Saxony in 1945 and Czechoslovakia in 1948 would become Communist states? Nonetheless, Communist regimes were installed there and remain very solidly entrenched." Pompidou hinted that a leftist win would plunge France into a repetition of the massive civil disorders of 1968 that led frightened French voters into re-electing the Gaullists.

Pompidou, whose presidential term still has three years to run, solemnly pledged to defend France's democratic institutions: "I am obliged to state that the Communist and Socialist proposals will completely overthrow those institutions." If such a possibility seemed re-

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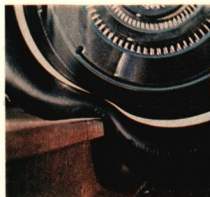
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ask any Socialist to form a government. "No one," he has said, "should count on me to renounce everything in which I believe." Legally, he could dissolve the National Assembly and call for new elections. That was a tactic employed by De Gaulle in 1968 to frighten voters into supporting him; unfortunately, French voters have a habit of reinforcing their views in such second elections, which might mean an even larger leftist majority in the next Assembly.

The U.S. looks at the prospect of a leftist victory with great trepidation. Among other things, Washington worries about a Socialist surrender of key Cabinet posts to the Communists and about France's internal stability if the leftists push for radical measures. For that reason, the U.S. is inclined to agree with Pompidou's prediction that France faces "chaos" if the Gaullists lose. Raymond Aron, however, has a trenchant comment: "If Pompidou keeps telling the French, 'It's us or chaos,' he is likely to provoke the reply, 'Let's take a peek at what chaos looks like.'"

BRITAIN

Closing the Door

Barely six months have passed since British Prime Minister Edward Heath won what he called a "legal and moral" victory over many of his countrymen and his own Conservative Party. The victory was a parliamentary ruling that allowed 27,500 Asians expelled from Uganda last autumn to enter Britain. Now the government has completely reversed its stand by proposing one of the toughest, and in many ways the most racist, set of immigration rules in British history. Although opposed by the Labor Party, the new legislation is expected to be passed this week by the House of Commons, where the Tories have a firmly united 13-seat majority.

The new immigration policy is prompted by a growing fear on the government's part that other African nations, notably Kenya, may soon begin expelling their Asians who hold British

passports.* Weighing the potential outcry at home against Britain's moral obligations to the Asians abroad, Heath has decided to bend to political reality. Thus the rules will reduce to an "inescapable minimum"—specifically, 3,000 people per year—any further emigration of British passport holders from so-called "new Commonwealth" nations, all of which have black or Asian majorities, and a total of about 241,000 such passport holders. At the same time, the door will be left open to some 13 million mostly white members of "old Commonwealth" nations: Australia, New Zealand and Canada.

Asians and Africans are already feeling the squeeze; even tourists and businessmen from new Commonwealth nations on temporary visits to Britain

* After the Indian and East African independence movements, many Asians deliberately chose to accept the British citizenship that was offered to them rather than become nationals of the countries in which they lived. If expelled from their homelands these British passport holders, under the new immigration policy, will in effect become stateless persons.

Mitterrand: On the Road to Leftist Union

MORE political epitaphs have been written for Socialist François Maurice Mitterrand in France than for Richard Nixon in the U.S. His current allies, the Communists, once dismissed him as a fascist. The Gaullists have described him as a covert Bolshevik, a shifty opportunist and a Machiavellian operator.

Mitterrand, 56, has been in and out of eleven Cabinet posts and has lost one parliamentary election since his entry into the bear pit of French politics in 1946. Yet in the presidential election of 1965 he amassed an extraordinary 45% of the popular vote, against none other than Charles de Gaulle. If last week's newspaper polls prove right, he could well become France's Premier in 1973.

This feat, if Mitterrand brings it off, will bear witness to his tenacity, shrewdness and gift for political compromise. Mitterrand has had to painstakingly rebuild the flagging Socialist Party, which has long been threatened by minute doctrinal squabbles as well as by Gaullist and Communist inroads upon its *petit bourgeois* constituency. Most French socialist leaders have traditionally refused to collaborate with the Communists on ideological grounds. Mitterrand's tactic, since he took over as leader of a regrouped Socialist Party in 1971, has been to fashion a united front with them. He calculates that France's Communist Party—which, though it has only 400,000 to 500,000 card-carrying members, draws as many as 5,000,000 votes at the polls—will provide the weight needed to tip the electoral scale in his favor this year.

Besides his organizational skills,

Mitterrand has developed a unique campaign style—at once highbrow and low key—that is singularly effective in both entertaining intellectuals and persuading workers. His weapons are wit and irony. Referring to Pompidou's imperious ways with the National Assembly, he remarked recently: "Just because the President was elected for seven years in 1969, does he expect the French people to stand rigidly at attention the whole time?" In another speech, Mitterrand acidulously expressed his hope that if the leftist coalition wins, Pompidou will not act like "a maiden with the vapors" when "he finds himself in a democratic country again."

Paradoxically, Mitterrand comes from a conservative Roman Catholic background, and concedes that "my social class did not come easily." One of eight children of a railway worker from the southwestern province of Charente, Mitterrand says that in his youth "we talked about Communists as if they were men from Mars." When reproached for his "reactionary past," he replies: "I deem it more honorable to have evolved from right to left than vice versa." In spite of his impoverished beginnings, Mitterrand has gathered degrees in law and political science.

During World War II he was injured while serving near Verdun as an infantry sergeant. Captured by the Nazis, he eventually escaped from his P.O.W. camp and joined the Free French in London. Although De Gaulle named him junior minister in his first Cabinet in 1944, Mitterrand soon became a fierce critic of the general's policies.

Mitterrand's mode of life is oddly un-French. He cares little about food,



SOCIALIST LEADER FRANÇOIS MITTERRAND
An arsenal of irony and wit.

does not smoke or drink hard liquor, indulging only in a glass or two of red wine at meals. He and his wife Danielle have two sons who are in their 20s. His dark conservative suits make him look more like a corporate executive than a zealous radical who proposes to nationalize France's "strategic industries."

Even his political enemies—and they are many—concede his resilience and his flashes of brilliance. In the judgment of the Paris daily *L'Aurore*: "Among the political figures of his generation there is no doubt that Mitterrand has endured the most ferocious attacks, the most violent personal insults. His response to all his enemies shows a vivacity of language and spirit that are the mark of a great talent."



DEMONSTRATORS IN KU KLUX KLAN GARB PROTEST BRITAIN'S NEW IMMIGRATION RULES
Bending to political reality at home, rather than moral obligation abroad.

find it difficult to pass through immigration control as officials anticipate the new rules. "It is nearly at the point where a colored man in this country can't have visitors," complains a senior government official involved with race relations and immigration policy. "The chances are he won't get in at all, and if he does it will only be after a very embarrassing grilling."

Behind the tough new stand is a fact of life painful to most Englishmen: massive emigration from East Africa, Asia and the West Indies has created a new nation within Britain that has doubled to 1.5 million in just five years. The sudden influx of new faces and strange customs has created a sense of national schizophrenia. On the one hand, Britons still have strong feelings of cultural superiority and memories of an empire that they feel once civilized nearly half the world; on the other, they view themselves as inhabitants of a small, financially burdened island that is being overwhelmed by social change.

To outsiders at least, such fears seem exaggerated. Nonwhite immigrants account for only 2.5% of Britain's total population; despite charges of overcrowding caused by the influx, there are only two London boroughs in which they number more than 7% of the population. Because of their unwillingness to take jobs most Britons do not want, unemployment among immigrant groups from nonwhite countries is actually lower (2.8% v. 3.5%) than that of Britain's white population.

98.5% Yes. Such statistics have little impact on the average urban Englishman, who frets that the immigrants are not just living in England; they are tampering with his country's very way of life. "Blacks were people you used to see in the background of pictures of a royal tour," says a Midlands newspaper editor. "They were always down by their knees or dancing. Now they're living down the street and with a bigger car than you have. The immigrants have taken over poor areas where the only thing that people had left was their respectability. Now the whole character of these places has changed. If we could move the entire colored population

some place where they would be happy—with their permission, of course—you'd get a 98.5% vote yes."

The problem is that most of the new immigrants do not want to move. In fact, despite the hostility of white Britons and the government's closed-door policy, Asians and West Indians continue to move into Britain (most of them illegally) at the rate of 100 a week. Ironically, one effect of the new rules will probably be to increase this flow—and further enrich the smugglers who bring immigrants in at up to \$2,400 a head. Most of the illegal newcomers are smuggled into Britain aboard small boats. "We treat them like slaves," brags one Dutch operative, who quickly adds, "for their protection."

Even though they are impacted into slums around industrial cities and forced to make do with menial jobs, the new arrivals are determined to remain in Britain. They are also confident their lot will improve. "In 20 years' time," predicts Asian Community Leader On Dogra, "the best examples of industrial militancy will come from the Asians, but so will the best examples of discipline and hard work." Many of Britain's black immigrants tend to agree.

but their feelings, like those of the whites who surround them, are couched in fear and animosity. Recalling that the Asians' wealth and exclusivity were among the reasons given for their expulsion from Uganda, a West Indian social worker warns that "Asians will become middle-class exploiters of the groups still at the bottom. It will be the East African situation all over again."

UGANDA

A Big Brother Army

Uganda's military dictator, General Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin Dada, had carefully arranged that each of the twelve men he wanted to execute should be shot in his own home town. The reason: so that "everyone, including his parents, can see." Last week, in seven separate ceremonies before crowds of coerced and sullen spectators, alleged guerrillas were dragged from police Land Rovers, tied to trees or stakes in stadiums, city parks or mere clearings and then shot to death with bursts of automatic rifle fire. At Mbale, where 3,000 people showed up for the event, an army captain and a 17-year-old schoolboy—whose only crime seemed to be eye-witnessing the shooting of a soldier—were stripped naked and covered with white cloth to make their bodies easier targets in the driving rain.

The public executions, Uganda's first in nearly 50 years, were clearly intended as a warning to all of Big Daddy's enemies, guerrilla or otherwise. But they were also a way of distracting attention from the growing lawlessness of his army, which has murdered hundreds, perhaps thousands, of government officials, civil servants and other influential Ugandans in recent months. Encouraged by Amin, the army has become a collective "big brother" that metes out justice and injustice without reference to civil courts, explains gov-

ACCUSED "GUERRILLA" BEFORE EXECUTION



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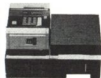
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THE WORLD

ernment policy and allocates the shops and other businesses that the government expropriated from the expelled Asians last fall.

Many of the stores have been given to utter incompetents—particularly to Amin's favored fellow Moslems—with the result that Uganda is suffering from a shortage of staples and skyrocketing prices. Soldiers make a practice of seizing private cars if drivers fail to produce operators' licenses on the spot. In more than one case, drivers have been arrested, locked in the trunk of their cars and never seen again.

As Uganda's economic situation deteriorates, Big Daddy is relying more and more on the backing of the army, which is riddled with religious and tribal jealousies. In an effort to strengthen his hand, Amin has been purging the officer corps of its Langi and Acholi tribesmen, who are mostly Christian. In their place, he has promoted hundreds of Moslem troops, including illiterates from his own tiny Kakwa tribe, and reportedly placed them in charge of newly recruited mercenaries from nearby Sudan and Zaïre. In consequence, two-thirds of the army's officers are now Moslem, even though Moslems account for only 500,000 of Uganda's 10 million people. (Of the remainder, 5,000,000 are Christians and the rest pagan.)

Now that the Asians are gone, Amin appears to be in need of a new scapegoat for his country's troubles. The latest victims of his uncertain wrath are blacks from neighboring Kenya. In the past month, several Kenyans who held executive positions in Uganda have disappeared or been found murdered. When other Kenyans in Uganda began to flee in terror, Amin accused them, naturally, of being guerrillas and hinted that he might shut off the electricity that Uganda supplies to Kenya—25% of its total power. His freewheeling troops, meanwhile, crossed the Kenya border and rustled 4,000 cattle from terrified Turkana tribesmen.

Amin's Dream. Amin also accused Kenya's big Luo tribe, many of whose members live in Uganda, of plotting against his government, and his soldiers marched several hundred Luos out of Uganda at gunpoint. That was a mistake. After four Kenya-based unions threatened a total cutoff of Uganda's rail, road, air and postal communications, which pass through Kenya to the outside world, Big Daddy suddenly announced that the attack on the Luos was a "misunderstanding."

What happens next under an unstable dictator and a lawless army is anybody's guess, but it is virtually certain that violence in Uganda will continue. "If anything happens to me, get your guns," Amin warned his soldiers last week as he told them once again of a 20-year-old dream in which he claims to have learned (but has kept secret) the circumstances of his own death. "Your brother, your sister, your father, your mother is your gun."

ISRAEL

Life with Moshe

The amorous exploits of Israel's charismatic Defense Minister, Moshe Dayan, are almost as well known in Israel as his military victories. Through battlefield coups and bedroom conquests, Ruth Dayan, Moshe's wife for 36 years until their divorce in 1971, remained silent. Now she has come out with a poignant memoir, which has become an overnight bestseller in Israel, of her life with the famous warrior.

The book, an autobiography written with the help of Jerusalem *Post* Reporter Helga Dudman, is called *...Or Did I Dream a Dream?* For most of its 275 pages, it recalls a full and interesting life: a young German Jewish girl of good family marries a struggling farmer-soldier who later becomes Israel's Chief of Staff and then its Defense Minister. The book ends with a description of the somewhat humiliating divorce prescribed by the rabbinical court where, in accordance with Jewish law, she is "cast out" by her husband, who then drops the *get* (divorce) papers into her cupped hands. Although the entire autobiography is being serialized in two Israeli newspapers, the main reason for its success is a candid chapter on Moshe's extramarital love life.

His affairs were often tempestuous. Once, according to Mrs. Dayan, a sobbing girl telephoned the Dayan home and demanded to know why Moshe had hung up on her. "That husband of yours is deceiving me with another woman," the girl screamed. Another of Dayan's ex-lovers wrote a thinly veiled "novel" about their romance. As for Dayan, he would telephone from home "to the woman of his longest-lasting ro-

mance, and I heard these conversations because he was never concerned about such details as lowering his voice."

Largely because Dayan is something of a living legend in Israel, there has been no scandal over the book, and no comment by the government; Dayan himself has been silent. By and large, Israelis seem to share the tolerant attitude of former Premier David Ben-Gurion: he once pointed out to a husband whose wife had run off with Dayan that Lord Nelson (who was also blind in one eye) had an affair with Lady Hamilton that did not tarnish his heroic image "even in puritanical England." When Ruth Dayan complained directly to Ben-Gurion about her husband, he replied dryly that "in the case of great men, the private and public lives will often run parallel but will never meet."

Now 55, Ruth Dayan does not seem bitter. She insists that love between them died long before 1971, and that she sought a divorce primarily to gain her freedom. "It just wasn't worth it any more," she said in Tel Aviv last week. "It was like living in chains. If I were still his wife, there would be six guards here. Now I can drive my car to the Gaza Strip or wherever I want in freedom." One thing she does still fault Dayan on, though, is his choice of girl friends: "It's too bad he has such bad taste. He could have any woman in the world, but he does not know how to choose."

RUTH, MOSHE & DAUGHTER Yael in 1930s



RUTH DAYAN (1973)



JAPAN

The Mob Muscles In

One afternoon last December, three men armed with steel bars burst into the Osaka city room of the *Yomiuri Shinbun*, one of Japan's largest newspapers. "Howling like mad dogs," as one eyewitness recalled later, the thugs knocked over desks, broke windows and beat up several reporters. By the time police arrived, the city room was a shambles, and eleven editorial staffers lay injured. Next day, *Yomiuri* reported that the daylight raid on its offices had been staged by organized gangsters in retaliation against the newspaper's describing them in a story as "a pack of bandits." The thugs have since been captured, and last week police also nailed the leader of the gang, a notorious hoodlum named Michio Sasaki, on charges of engaging in another current underworld practice: shaking down corporations. Sasaki, police contend, used his knowledge of an irregular loan to blackmail one of Tokyo's top banks for \$16,000. According to the cops, Sasaki's shakedown of another corporation netted him nearly \$100,000.

Thugs. Both incidents point to a relatively new phenomenon in law-abiding Japan that has police seriously worried: the rapid growth and increasing boldness of Mafia-like crime syndicates. Japan boasts the lowest crime rate of any industrial nation (Tokyo's homicide rate is about one-tenth that of New York's, for instance, and robbery is almost nonexistent). But police estimate that the country now has 124,000 *yakuza* (good-for-nothings, as mobsters are commonly called), divided into some 2,900 gangs. A crackdown on these *bo-yokudan* (violence organizations) has become the top priority of Japan's 200,000-man national police force.

As police have put pressure on such traditional gangland rackets as gambling, drug trafficking and prostitution, the mobsters have increasingly turned to corporation blackmail for new revenues. The shakedowns are made possible by the common corporate practice of hiring *yakuza* thugs, instead of less effective private guards, to police general stockholders' meetings. Such men even have a name, *sokaiya*, meaning general-meeting experts.

Protected by gangster muscle power, management has often been saved from probing or embarrassing inquiries by dissident stockholders. But as soon as the gangsters learn the inside dealings of a company, often with the aid of hired detectives, they turn the information into lucrative blackmail. Some *sokaiya* are known to maintain complete dossiers on corporate misdeeds, including the names of mistresses kept by executives. All too often, the companies are willing to pay the price of silence lest their public images be tarnished.

One Kyoto bank, which had used *yakuza* to threaten and intimidate

workers into going along with management in a labor dispute, almost went broke from mob shakedowns before it recently called on police for help. At a general stockholders' meeting of Mitsubishi Heavy Industries two years ago, a tough-looking platoon of men beat up a group of peace advocates who had bought shares in the company so that they could protest Mitsubishi's arms production. The men were known to be *sokaiya*, but no company official ever admitted inviting them. Indeed, it is possible that they had simply muscled their way into the meeting.

Gangsterism is not new to Japan (it actually dates back to the 16th century when unemployed samurai turned to banditry, organizing into small gangs in the process). But the mob's bravado is a novelty. Until fairly recently, in fact, gangsters were obliged by a chivalric code to give to the poor and avoid harming innocent people. Like members of the Mafia, they took a blood oath that was not broken with impunity. For failing to live up to the *yakuza* code, an offender had to show penitence by cutting off his little finger and presenting it to his *oyabun* (boss)—a rite that still prevails in the Japanese underworld.

As the *yakuza* branched out from gambling into other rackets, the gangs grew in number and power. Today the largest, Yamaguchi-gumi,* is a veritable army of 10,000 men. Under the command of Japan's top mobster, Kazuo Taoka, 60, police say that Yamaguchi-gumi has become a criminal conglomerate that controls more than 50 corporations, ranging from restaurants and bars to trucking companies and talent agencies. The gang's take from gambling alone is estimated to be as high as \$100 million a year.

Taoka, who is currently on trial for "Meaning 'Yamaguchi's team,' after its original boss, Harukichi Yamaguchi.



"YAKUZA" POLICING STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING IN OSAKA (1971)



TAOKA AT KOBE HOME
High on the *hesokuri*.

income tax evasion, extortion and labor-law violation, last week granted a rare interview to TIME Correspondent S. Chang at his sumptuous Western-style house on the fringes of Kobe, which neighbors have dubbed the "Taoka Palace." Throughout the interview,* Chang cabled, "there was a distinct element of *opéra bouffe*. The house compound is patrolled by a handful of crop-haired, heavy-set henchmen, who in greeting bow gawkily, like giant pandas trying to crouch. Inside, Taoka's great drawing room is deeply carpeted and adorned with many trophies presented to him from his followers as emblems of their allegiance.

"Tastefully dressed in a pale green turtleneck, matching jacket and slacks, Taoka, who is recuperating from a heart ailment, played the solicitous host to perfection. He offered his caller a delectable piece of green melon and then

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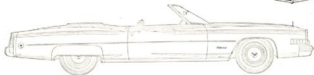
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launched into a professorial discourse on social ills. Many of his followers, he said, were low-caste *buraku-min* (TIME, Jan. 8), social misfits who had suffered from discrimination. Since the government offered no help for them, Taoka had taken on the responsibility. "What I need now," he declared, "is the services of some scholars in finding ways and means of securing mental and spiritual relief for my membership. So many of them were born emotionally insecure."

"It is an affliction from which Taoka obviously does not suffer. Asked about the Yamaguchi-gumi, he replied softly: 'It's simply a *shimboku dantai* [friendship and mutual-assistance society]. And incidentally, the number isn't 10,000—it's 100,000.' How does he earn the money to pay for his high living? 'Why,' he answered with a smile, 'it comes from my wife's *hesokuri* [secret savings on her household allowance].'

"Clearly, Taoka has come a long way since that day in 1937, when, as a small-time hoodlum on the Kobe docks, he finished off a rival gang member with one downswing of his samurai sword—the first step in his rise to the position of Japan's No. 1 *oyaban*."

UNITED NATIONS

Shanghai Expressed

As one of the minor boons of Chinese membership in the United Nations, that organization's annual *Demographic Yearbook*, published last week, was finally able to get its population statistics for the mainland's cities straight. For more than a decade it had only outdated figures from China, and consequently had listed Tokyo and New York as rivals for the title of world's largest city. In fact, as the *Yearbook* disclosed, that dubious honor now belongs to Shanghai, with a population, according to official figures, of 10,820,000. Tokyo is next with 8,841,000, followed by New York with 7,895,000, Peking with 7,570,000 and London with 7,379,000. One city for which no figures are given at all: Taipei (pop. 1,803,000). The China with official membership in the U.N. insisted that Taiwan be entirely ignored.

URUGUAY

Success of a "Soft Coup"

In a continent where military coups seem almost as common as peaceable elections, tiny Uruguay has been unique. Often described as the "Switzerland of South America," Uruguay, alone among Latin countries, could boast that not in this century had a democratically elected government been taken over by the military. Not, that is, until last week.

In a six-day contest of wills with President Juan María Bordaberry that ended Monday, the Uruguayan army

and air force (later joined by the navy) pulled off a *golpe blando*, or "soft coup"—so called not only because it was bloodless, but because it left the civilian regime intact, if impotent. In exchange for salvaging his title and office, Bordaberry surrendered most of his powers to the armed forces. The military will have the final say in a newly appointed "security council" embracing both civilian ministers and top-ranking military commanders. The council's real functions will be carried on within the office of the Minister of Defense, whose appointment and that of the Minister of the Interior must be approved by the military. Thus last week President Bordaberry appointed army-picked candidates for those jobs—Walter Ravenna as Defense Minister and

lice force and court system, had been unable to bring about in more than four years. Heady with victory, the army was obviously waiting for the chance to bring a new-found sense of morality to Uruguay's larger problems. It came last month, when a Montevideo paper documented charges of corruption against the city council. The army immediately joined the fray, demanding the aldermen be punished. When President Bordaberry fired his Defense Minister, who had supported the army's demands, the battle lines were drawn.

Few Uruguayans would disagree with the complaint of Brigadier General José Jaime that as surely as the Tupamaros were enemies, "so are the profiteers, the usurers, the speculators, the government swindlers." Once the most



BORDABERRY (CENTER) WITH NEW MINISTERS RAVENNA & BOLENTINI
Watchdogs of patriotism and austerity.

Colonel Nestor Bolentini as Minister of the Interior.

The armed forces also got Bordaberry's pledge to carry out 19 specific political and economic reforms, including a redistribution of income, land reform, elimination of foreign debt, a war on inflation and a crackdown on political corruption. Unlike the right-wing juntas that have assumed power in Bolivia and Brazil, or the nationalist, left-wing military regimes in Peru and Panama, Uruguay's new leaders seem almost apolitical. Although vociferously anti-Marxist, they describe their aims in naively chivalrous and even quixotic phrases—like serving as "watchdogs of patriotism, austerity, disinterest, generosity, honor and firmness of character."

The army awakened to its knightly mission last year, after ending the long reign of terror by the Tupamaro guerrillas. Systematically tracking down suspects one after another in order to demoralize the Tupamaro leadership, the army within nine months accomplished what the government, with a top-heavy bureaucracy and a casually corrupt po-

prosperous nation in Latin America, with the most advanced social system on the continent, the country has been slowly sinking into an economic and political quagmire. The cost of living has gone up 4,000% in the past 15 years, and the gross national product has grown only 13% in the same period. Over one-fifth of the 1,000,000-man work force is employed by the government, and another 400,000 live on government pensions.

Initially, at least, Uruguayans seemed a bit cynical about the possibilities for change, with or without a democracy. While the army took over the national radio and television stations and rolled its tanks into the city last week, Montevideans went about business as usual. Several hundred citizens did show up to picket in front of army tanks at the Presidential Palace, with signs warning, "Leave the President alone; we voted for him!" But a rally in support of Bordaberry Sunday night drew only a small crowd of supporters, including the chief executive's ample family and a handful of reporters.

PEOPLE

Dressed in pure Martian style, British Rock Singer **David Bowie** and the Spiders from Mars packed in 6,000 in two nights at a marijuana-smoke-filled Radio City Music Hall in Manhattan. Bowie landed onstage in a contraption that looked like an overgrown Christmas tree ornament, and he seemed to have attracted an audience every bit as spaced-out as himself. Showers of valentines with little love messages poured down from the upper balconies, while Bowie and the Martian Spiders blasted their songs with such supersonic zeal that even the squeals from the audience were drowned out. One of Bowie's fans, an 18-year-old girl, looking a little like a

DAVID GARR



DAVID BOWIE IN SOMETHING MARTIAN



Martian herself with green, orange and purple feather boas, red glitter around her eyes and black lipstick, spoke for the squealers: "I wish David Bowie were from Mars. It would be so sexy."

Muhammad Ali was right in his element—both his elements, as a matter of fact. In the ring, Ali slugged out a twelve-round victory over his sometime sparring partner, European Heavyweight Champion **Joe Bugner**. "He's going to be one of the greatest after I'm through," said Ali when the fight was over. Sporting a robe given him by **Elvis Presley**, he then hobnobbed with such fans as **Diana Ross** and **Sammy Davis Jr.** But it wasn't all fisticuffs and show biz. Ali was also promoting his new toy Oopfli (a ring spun off two sticks and caught by an opponent's two sticks), which he hopes will earn him a tidy bundle. Another Frisbee or Hula-Hoop it isn't, but then Muhammad Ali is not the champion any longer, either.

Entertainer **Ann-Margret**, 31, seems to be able to take anything in her stride—including a near fatal 20-ft. fall. Though she suffered a broken jaw, five facial fractures and a broken arm, it took only three months for her to get back on the nightclub circuit. Now she is ready to go before a nationwide audience and is busy taping the NBC special *When You're Smiling*, to be aired April 4. Gussied up in silk, energetically

JULIAN WADSWORTH



ANN-MARGRET IN RED SILK

MUHAMMAD ALI WITH OOPFLI

doing high kicks as the notorious "lady in red" who did in Gangster John Dillinger, Ann-Margret looked better than ever. Said she: "I'm myself again."

Kissing is nothing new to the Navy, explained Admiral **Elmo R. Zumwalt Jr.**, Chief of Naval Operations. He told the American Bar Association convention that after he was photographed kissing an admiral—Alene Duerk, the first woman to reach that rank—he received a mock critical letter from a former Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Zumwalt's reply: "You should have recalled that nobody reaches the place I'm at without kissing a lot of admirals."

Charles Percy, **Robert Redford**, **John Connally**, **Bernardo Bertolucci**: What to call them? "Beautiful people" is passé. "Jet set" was wrong from the start. "Cat pack" was a try, but no one could figure out what the password "cat-pack kiss" was, or who exactly was doing it and how. Now, for what it's worth, *W. Women's Wear Daily's* biweekly supplement, offers "Juicy People." *W.* solemnly reports two ways that JPs can be recognized: "Watch a JP cut into a steak. He always makes the first cut right in the center. Get to the pleasure fast." And: "Ask your lover to fold his hands. If the left thumb overlaps the right one, he's a JP. He thinks with his heart. If the right thumb overlaps the left, he thinks with his mind. No juice." That may be great for recognizing male JPs, but inexplicably *W.* has so far failed to inform its readers on how to recognize a female JP, although it listed **Lee Radziwill**, **Cristina Ford** and **Mme. Georges Pompidou** as juicers.

Nobel-prizewinning Physicist **William B. Shockley**, 63, was supposed to receive an honorary doctorate from the University of Leeds on the 25th anniversary of his participation in the invention of the transistor. But Leeds had second thoughts because of Shockley's controversial view that blacks are genetically disadvantaged and a eugenic threat to civilization. Shockley was philosophical. "If life gives you a lemon, make lemonade."

If words were épées **William Buckley Jr.** and **Germaine Greer** would have been in bloody tatters after their lively TV debate last week on the platform of the Cambridge Union Society. The motion: "This House Supports the Women's Liberation Movement." Arguing against the proposition, Buckley picked up Feminist Greer's favorite complaint, turned it around and labeled his opponent a female chauvinist. "It seems to me altogether plain that Miss Greer, who knows [and] understands her theatrical resources, has very definitely exploited sex in the course of attempting to shock people into a recognition of the Women's Liberation movement." How is it, asked Buckley, that she supports divergent forms of



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Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child?
A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help?
A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child?
A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the home or project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me?
A. You will receive your Personal Sponsor Folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child?
A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct

from the home or project overseas.

Q. How long has CCF been helping children?
A. Since 1938.

Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency?
A. Yes, CCF is registered with the U.S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages?
A. No, some live with widowed mothers, and through CCF Family Helper Projects they are enabled to stay at home, rather than enter an orphanage. CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF?
A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, non-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF cooperates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas?
A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. How do you keep track of all the children and sponsors?
A. Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child receiving assistance and the sponsor who provides the gifts.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

PEOPLE

sexuality? Greer drew audience laughter by replying: "I'm still heterosexual. That's my problem." Buckley: "Well, as I say, insecurity is a fact of life." When the laughter and applause died, the society rendered its decision: 546 for Women's Lib, 156 against.

Appearing on NBC's *Tonight Show*, Truman Capote told Television Host Johnny Carson that he and his friends were playing the most wonderful new game. What was it? Johnny asked. Well, said Truman, you list as fast as you can the 25 most boring people you know. The trick is to name people everyone else thinks are fascinating. Truman's top bores: First, **Howard Hughes**, because "who cares about his reclusion, his plane flights, his hiding and his money." Second, **Aristotle Onassis**, because "all he is doing is sitting in the corner of a nightclub thinking of ways he doesn't have to pay income taxes."

NBC's **Barbara Walters** was not exactly happy that CBS's **Marvin Kalb** beat her to **Henry Kissinger** for an exclusive post-peace-fire interview. Barbara said that she had been planning the interview for three years and had Kissinger's word that she would be first. "This was a case of conflict between his word and what the White House planned," explained Barbara. Her feelings were somewhat soothed by a call from **President Nixon**, who assured her during a ten-minute conversation that after Kissinger's trip to China there would be "enough to talk about in an in-depth interview."

"I was tired of sitting around my big expensive living room. My new Cadillac bored me. And I didn't know what the hell was right or wrong." **Joseph Wambaugh**, 36, the author of *The New Centurions* and *The Blue Knight*, is back on the beat as a detective with the Los Angeles police department after a six-month absence. Wambaugh's best-sellers about policemen have earned him more money than he wants to say, certainly more than his 13-year cop career. He still plans to write on his off-hours, but mainly, he says, "I want to stay a working cop."

Unlike other American writers who are highly critical of the way the Soviet Union treats its authors, **Erskine Caldwell**, 69, says that he could hardly care less. During his fifth visit to Moscow, the author of such bestsellers in the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. as *Tobacco Road* and *God's Little Acre* showed little sympathy for the plight of Russian Novelist **Alexander Solzhenitsyn**, whose bestselling novels in the West are banned in his own country. Caldwell tartly observed that "there's no law requiring a person to be a writer." He added: "Russian writers must conform to certain ideological rules laid down by society. Maybe that's better than being a mercenary."

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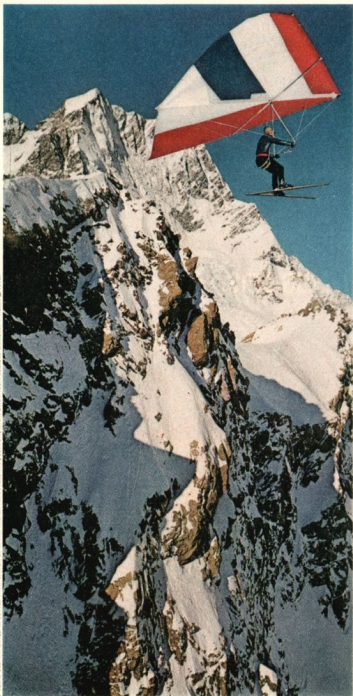
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The Met: Beleaguered but Defiant

SHE was a difficult old woman," remarked a staff member of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, musing on the late Adelaide de Groot, heiress to a vast fortune derived from her father's success in the China trade. "The more presentable junior employees had to take turns squiring her around, pushing her wheelchair. And all to get that damn bequest!"

The bequest was considerable, but so is the acrimony it has since roused. In the past year, the Met has quietly sold or traded off 50 of the 211 paintings Adelaide de Groot willed to the museum on her death in 1967, including works by Rousseau, Modigliani, Picasso, Gris and Bonnard. The New York Times's persistent reporting of this, over the past five months, has taken on the character of a vendetta. Sometimes the Times seems to hint darkly at sins where there were no sins—or at most only dubious transactions. But the publicity has caused a violent row over a great museum's duty to its benefactors and public. New York State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz opened an inquiry into the "legality and prudence" of the Met's behavior. At stake are the Met's prestige and that of its director, Thomas P.F. Hoving.

It is common in America—though not in Europe—for museums to sell their unwanted objects. So why the fuss? Because, his critics charge, Hoving's administration had disposed of important works to raise cash, tried to conceal it and made special arrangements with favored dealers instead of putting pictures up for auction or on the open market. Furthermore, by claiming some of the sold pictures were "superfluous" and "duplicates," the Met bent its standards of taste and scholarship. "In the history of painting there are no duplicates," said Britain's leading journal of art history, the *Burlington Magazine*, which called Hoving's policy "sinister."

The distinguished College Art Association of America censured the Met for "contradictory public statements and inconsistent administration of professed standards for de-accessioning." In answers to questions from TIME (in writing, the Met stipulated), the museum staff replied that the C.A.A. board "appears not to understand" that the Met will eventually run out of space and therefore must get rid of some pictures. "In time, all other museums in the country will have to do the same."

When political, the art world resembles a castle populated by Coney Island ghosts. Fluorescent skeletons jiggle their pasteboard bones in each recess; the cellars resound with prerecorded mutters, wails and injunctions to silence; entrepreneurs tap their way down

the corridors, prodding each moulding in the hope that a panel will fly open, revealing a lost Titian, an undocumented Goya, or a Japanese ginkgo-nut tycoon with an open checkbook. Collectors do not want the taxman to know how much they paid for what, and neither do dealers. The availability of a painting may be the occasion for as much conspiratorial hoo-ha and discreetly vicious elbowing as anything in the annals of industrial espionage. It is fun. It becomes a habit of mind, a badge of club membership. And some of the Met's difficulties, it seems, arise from this deeply ingrained reflex.

The current Met ruckus goes back to 1970, when the museum bought Velázquez's portrait of his black apprentice, Juan de Pareja, for \$5,544,000—the highest price ever paid at auction for a work of art. To pay it, Hoving and his Acquisitions Committee had to liquidate the capital left in the museum's Fletcher Fund, about \$6,000,000, and commit themselves to pay back at least a part of it, in yearly installments of \$160,000 through 1976. In effect, the buying power of the Metropolitan's 17 departments had been partly mortgaged for several years in advance against one painting. The result: the Met needed money. Hoving proposed to get it through "de-accessioning" pictures—the barbaric museum jargon for

preparing to sell. Last September, the Met revealed that it had de-accessioned a major work from the De Groot bequest, Henri Rousseau's *The Tropics*, and secretly sold it, along with Vincent Van Gogh's *The Olive Pickers*, to Marlborough Fine Art galleries. No price was given, but the reliable figure was \$1.5 million for the two. This is well below their market value; the Rousseau alone was resold only days later to a Japanese collector for \$2,000,000. Everett Fahy, 31, the Met's brilliant curator of European paintings, did not want to lose the Rousseau and refused to sign the de-accession form. On this occasion, Hoving overrode him, though, in theory, the Met's official de-accessioning procedure is full of checks and balances. "Generally," says the Met, "the curator recommends de-accessioning of a work of art to the vice director, curator in chief and the director," whereon the

HENRY GROSSMAN



METROPOLITAN DIRECTOR THOMAS HOVING



HENRI ROUSSEAU'S "THE TROPICS," CA. 1910
And all to get that damn bequest!

ART

final decision to de-access lies with the Acquisitions Committee or, if the object—like the Rousseau—is worth more than \$25,000, with the board of trustees itself. But such safeguards are in practice vulnerable to a strong impetus from the director, since very few of the present trustees are in any real sense art experts.

Backed by Vice Director Theodore Rousseau, Hoving defends the sale on the ground that *The Tropics* was "superfluous and third-rate." But why, in that case—since the Rousseau was by general consent the best painting in her collection—did the Met court Adelaide de Groot? To most art critics, it is in fact a major Rousseau.

And why the relatively low price? One possible reason involves the offer of both the Rousseau and the Van Gogh to Italian Auto Tycoon Giovanni Agnelli. Agnelli also happens to have an interest in Marlborough, a firm that—under the guidance of Frank Lloyd, a dealer of legendary if unloved astuteness—has in the past decade become the world's richest gallery complex, with main offices in New York, London and Rome, a branch in Tokyo and a network of holding companies in Liechtenstein. Fiat had agreed to design and build four air-conditioned "Artmobiles" equipped to carry shows all over the U.S. The American branch of Fiat was to give these to the Met as a public

relations gesture. Though the Met officially denies it, sources within its staff believe that the gift of the buses was to be treated as part payment for the works of art. Then Agnelli—so the story goes—went cold on the paintings, fearing that the sale would be used for propaganda in the labor disputes that almost paralyzed the Fiat plant last fall. Neither he nor Marlborough told Hoving this; so Hoving went on believing that both paintings were in Turin, and actually said so to the *Times* in October 1972.

The loss of the works provoked a storm of protest from art historians, critics and the Art Dealers' Association of America; one prominent scholar, John Rewald, wrote an article in *Art in America* demanding Hoving's resignation. Then the Met revealed another secret deal with Marlborough. At first it seemed that the museum had swapped two more De Groot paintings, a Modigliani and a Juan Gris, for *Becca*, a sculpture by David Smith and a painting by California Artist Richard Diebenkorn. Later the Met disclosed that the swap had cost the Met not two but six works—another Gris, a Bonnard, a Picasso and a Renoir.

In the process, the Met had been royally if quite legally taken by Marlborough. *Becca* cost the Met \$250,000,



DAVID SMITH'S "BECCA," 1965

the highest price ever paid for a Smith. It had been offered to the Met in 1969, and the trustees then refused it at \$100,000. But for Curator Henry Geldzahler, it was "undoubtedly the greatest Smith on the market." It had been a star item in the huge centennial show of New York art that Geldzahler organized for the Met in the fall of 1969. Naturally, this drove its price up. "You might call it the principle of indeterminacy," Geldzahler observed. "You change the

Flaking Image: The Director Reviewed

SELF-PORTRAIT WITH BIG STICK, by Thomas P.F. Hoving (1931-). A standing figure, slightly over life-size, wearing a purple toga with a capital S (for Superman) on the chest, in red, now faded. The left hand points to a Master Plan. Despite reports in the *New York Times*, radiographic examination reveals no trace of horns or pointed tail in the underpainting. In the background, above a landscape with kiosks and parking lots thought to represent Central Park, various allegorical groups symbolize the Master's career.

The painting was begun in 1966, when Hoving rose from commissioner of parks to director of the museum. But some flaking has appeared in the image. The museum depicted below him has developed a crack, which appears to go right through its support. Two groups in the upper left, "The Approbation of the Grateful Masses" and "The Invocation of Camelot" are abraded and blistered beyond repair. Another, "Hoving Accepting the Love of His Curators," has almost vanished. Close analysis suggests that the figures previously supposed to represent "The Purification of the Collections" are in fact a recondite allegory of "Charity to Dealers." The chiaroscuro here is very deep. Condition of other areas, especial-

ly "The Domination of the Trustees" (far right), is stable. Not de-accessioned. On interim loan to Caribbean.

So the catalogue entry might go. In the seven years of his directorship, Thomas Hoving's image has described a remarkable parabola. He began with a lot: youth (at 35, the youngest director in the Met's history), vast enthusiasm, intelligence, a growing reputation as a medievalist and solid backing from the WASP establishment. He was, to resurrect a headline from his Central Park days, A HAPPENING CALLED HOVING, the epitome of New Frontier bounce, flair and pragmatic cheek. Today, he is besieged in the museum whose physical shape, and concomitant policies, he has irrevocably defined and changed.

Evidently, Hoving's style grates on the art world today; the euphoria of the '60s is over, and the acceptable tone is more cautious. Great museums—and the Met is one of the world's greatest—are, and should be, conservative organisms. They grow slowly like coral reefs, each polyp a work of art, some submerged, and others exposed as the tides of taste fluctuate. They represent a store of evidence about the past that is the indispensable raw material of cultural history. Above all, they are about

interaction—between, among other things, "major" and "minor" works of art. If Hoving's commitment to a masterpiece culture is so extreme in its elitism that in the name of "quality," he must sell a fine Rousseau, the very notion of quality in art is imperiled.

Quality is not an objective property of art works. It is a function of taste. And taste changes. Directors add their propositions to the long consensus a museum represents by buying, not by selling. A director must be either very lucky or a genius to break that consensus and create a new one.

Hoving is neither. His flair, intelligence and energy are plain to see, as is his fascination with plots and grand gestures. But his actions proclaim a man who thinks that the Met is a fief. When euphoric, Hoving will say that the museum belongs to all the people of New York—and mean it. When defensive, he adduces the strictly legal truth that it is a private corporation whose contents belong to the trustees and no one else—and means that too. Both and neither are right; in the end it is the public that pays for tax-deductible gifts to the Met. But what guarantees of principle are left, after the recent sales, to safeguard the Met's collection from the ravages of expedience? That is what the recent fuss has been about and it is the issue on which reassurance is sorely needed. ■ Robert Hughes



MODIGLIANI'S "RED HEAD"

behavior of an object by looking at it." Or by putting it in a big show at the Met.

Marlborough, by contrast, got Modigliani's *Red Head* for \$50,000—with the astounding guarantee that if it proved to be a fake (both Rousseau and Geldzahler doubted its authenticity) the Met should give \$60,000 back to Marlborough. Presumably the extra \$10,000 was for air fare, since *Red Head* promptly went to Tokyo, where an anonymous Japanese bought it for between \$200,000 and \$250,000.

Marlborough has now picked up six paintings as nearly pure cream from the De Groot sale. The Met's own valuation on these was \$190,000, but chances are that Marlborough can sell them for considerably more.

By no means have all the Met's sales ended up as profits for deserving merchants. Recently, the museum's collection of antique coins went on the block at Sotheby's in Zurich, turning a handsome profit. In a letter to the *Times*, Douglas Dillon, the Met's president, pointed out that "the museum's record on acquisitions has been extraordinary, due in part to our ability to acquire fine works of art through the exchange and sale of lesser works." Over the past 20 years, sales and trades amounted to \$7,000,000-\$8,000,000, by the museum's estimate, while acquisitions probably amounted to \$400 million.

Amid the furor, one principle is certain. The Metropolitan Museum is constitutionally allowed to sell works from its collection—unless a bequest specifically forbids it, which the De Groot will did not. It was precatory, and merely expressed her wish that her pictures stay in the museum—or be sold or loaned to other museums. In fact, the Art Dealers' Association officially offered two weeks ago to buy or take on consignment any pictures of stature that



INGRES'S "ODALISQUE IN GRAY" (WATERSPOUT AT LOWER RIGHT)

the Met wanted to de-accession as an alternative to the Met's present policy, which they described as "contrary to the public interest."

Sales as important as that of the Rousseau are very rare in the museum's history. Hoving points, by way of precedent, to a clearing sale the Met held in 1955-56; but this was at public auction and the average price of the lots (scarabs, unwanted minor antiquities and the like) was around \$10, and the costliest item fetched \$5,000.

The borderline between the masterpiece and the good secondary work is wide and fluid, and Hoving's administration has not been fastidious enough in mapping it. That, at any rate, is the troubled view of scholars like Rewald and Leo Steinberg, as well as the College Art Association's members.

Against this background, the travels of Ingres's *Odalisque in Gray* begin to look peculiar. The *Odalisque*—long considered one of the Met's treasures—was sent to France about a year ago. There were none of the usual formal documents to authorize its removal. Its destination? Wildenstein & Co., in Paris. Before it went, according to the former assistant to the museum's registrar, Edith Pearson (who eventually resigned in protest), it was listed as de-accessioned. Last month, in an overhaul of its attributions, the museum announced that the *Odalisque* was not an Ingres. As proof, it cited an ambiguous mark on the lower right corner, which looked like a C in a circle. This, said the Met, was the monogram of Ingres's studio assistant, Armand Cambon.

Recently, Everett Fahy began to feel that his reading was wrong. The "monogram" is really a sketch location for a waterspout emptying into a square

pool. What made the Met's reasoning doubly odd is that a study of the *Odalisque* by Ingres Expert John Connolly that pointing this out had been published in a leading art journal before the Met made its reattribution, and that Connolly himself had been refused access to the painting earlier last year by the Met, which admitted that it was out of the museum but refused to say where.

Did the *Odalisque* go to France not for "reattribution" but for sale? The Met's reply is that Daniel Wildenstein's opinion was needed, that the painting had to be compared with other Ingres in the Louvre and checked against Ingres documents he had. But the Met rejected Wildenstein's conclusion (he thought the painting genuine), and it seems easier to copy some documents and mail them to New York than to lug a large and valuable painting across the Atlantic. If the *Odalisque* went to Paris only for study, why conceal its whereabouts from other scholars?

In its answer to *TIME*, the museum defended "discretion" in its dealings, pointing out that other museums treat purchases or sales as confidential, and observed that many other institutions "conduct certain affairs legally, traditionally and responsibly" without necessarily being accused of secrecy. But the fact is that because of the Met's wheeling and dealing, potential donors may be scared away, finding other homes for their paintings or else entangling their bequests with a profusion of restrictive clauses. The solution can only lie, if the museum must sell, in doing it through public and open sales, preferably to other museums and with advice from the large scholarly community, which the museum's recent actions have so violently alienated.



LAWRENCE (CENTER) & H.S.T. IN 1945



WITH EISENHOWER IN 1950

THE PRESS

The Durable Wilsonian

He was, above all, a keeper of vows and custodian of tradition. As an eighth-grader, David Lawrence would walk four miles to the Buffalo public library to read the *Congressional Record*. That tide of small print did not intimidate him but carried him close to great men and events. He promised himself that he would go to Washington and convey to others the drama of the great speech, the Government report, the official text. At 21 he made another pledge: "Not to drink any whisky, any coffee or any tea, so as to try to keep in training for the job." He remained fit indeed, and he came to view "the job" as a defense of old values.

Lawrence reported on the Administrations of eleven Presidents, became one of the most widely read conservative columnists of his day and founded and edited *U.S. News & World Report*. He performed these missions until the end; his last newspaper column appeared two days before a heart attack killed him last week at the age of 84.

Lawrence was not a Washington personality in the manner of the Alsop brothers or the late Drew Pearson. Nor was he an eminence like Walter Lippmann or Arthur Krock. In recent times the readership of his newspaper column declined, and his writing became utterly predictable. But for more than 60 years Lawrence was a formidable journalist who always knew his audience.

He began as a reporter of hard news. An A.P. stringer while at Princeton, he scooped the country by revealing the death of Grover Cleveland in 1908. (A telegram from Mrs. Cleveland, whom he had befriended during an earlier news assignment, alerted him.) Assigned to the White House of Woodrow Wilson, who had taught him at Princeton, Lawrence broke the story of Secretary of State William Jennings



AT WORK IN WASHINGTON OFFICE
Custodian of tradition.

Bryan's resignation from Wilson's Cabinet. In 1915 he became Washington correspondent for the old *New York Evening Post*, which soon began sending his daily column to subscribers by telegraph; Lawrence took pride in claiming to be the first Washington columnist syndicated by wire.

By 1919 he was in business for himself, with a series of financial and political reporting services and publications. These evolved after World War II into *U.S. News & World Report* (current circ. 1,940,000). He kept the magazine conservative in politics, quiet in tone. Fads, fashions, the arts, sports—these were beside Lawrence's point. "No sir," he would say in vetoing a story. "This is a magazine of news significance, and this isn't significant news."

Through it all, Lawrence wrote up to six columns a week, and it was as a columnist that he was best known; in the late '50s, more than 350 papers carried his opinions. These views infuriated many and often puzzled even his admirers. He called himself a Wilsonian liberal. That brand, he said, was "true liberalism." His positions on domestic affairs generally reflected the right wing of the

Republican Party. Though an enrolled Democrat, Lawrence supported the reelection of Hoover in 1932 (because it was "dangerous to change parties in mid-Depression") and stayed with every subsequent Republican candidate.

He castigated the "socialist" methods of F.D.R.'s New Deal, condemned most of Eisenhower's "middle-of-the-road" policies, opposed L.B.J. on civil rights. Lawrence argued that the 14th Amendment had been ratified by rigged Reconstruction legislatures. An ardent internationalist, he urged lavish U.S. aid to Europe and supported the U.N. He also defended Senator Joseph McCarthy and was particularly incensed by the Senate's censure of McCarthy.

In private, Lawrence was gentle, retiring and generous. Stock-option plans enabled employees to buy into his publications—at what were termed bargain prices. *U.S. News & World Report* became employee-owned in 1962, though Lawrence remained editor, chief executive officer and voting trustee of his subsidiaries' stockholdings. Control now passes to a committee of senior employees. The new editor, Howard Flieger, 63, and chief executive officer, John H. Sweet, 65, are longtime Lawrence men who can be expected to keep the prosperous magazine faithful to the founder's precepts.

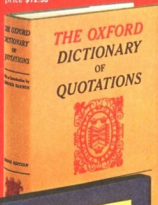
New China Hand

Columnist Joseph Alsop came to lunch at Washington's National Press Club last week and ate just the tiniest portion of crow. A full house of his colleagues heard him expatiate on his recent visit to China. "The Chinese system," he admitted, "is achieving a much greater degree of practical success than most Americans, and certainly I, had supposed." Coming from an old China hand, a staunch defender of Chiang Kai-shek, a relentless past critic of Mao Tse-tung's "disordered, paranoiac government," Alsop's new tone—both in print and on the rostrum—comes across as a marked mellowing. But he is still the master of the ominous prediction; he asserted that the Soviets will decide within three years whether or not to go to war with China.

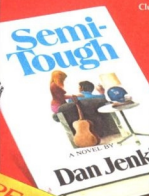
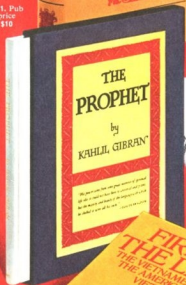
Alsop told his audience that the Russians would finally back down. His talks with Chinese officials, including Premier Chou En-lai, persuaded him that Peking's policy must be seen in the light of the threat they perceive across the Russian border. He conceded that his "rather gloomy view" is not understood in the U.S. "The New York Times view of the world," Alsop archly observed, "doesn't include the possibility of such as I have outlined, but Mr. Chou En-lai very definitely does. So one of them is obviously crazy."

Alsop is bullish on Sino-U.S. relations—at least while the Russian threat remains. He claimed that the Chinese are even reconsidering their opposition to a strong U.S. military presence in

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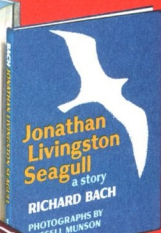
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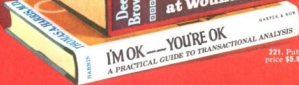
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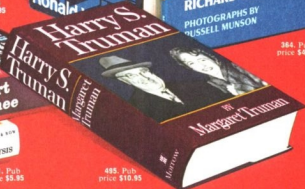
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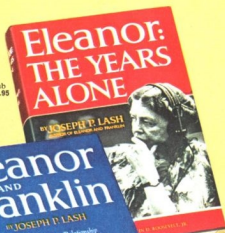
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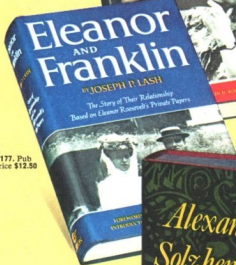
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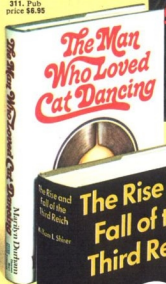
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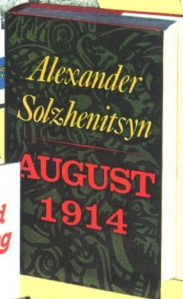
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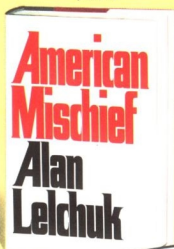
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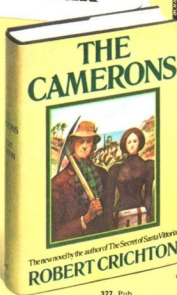
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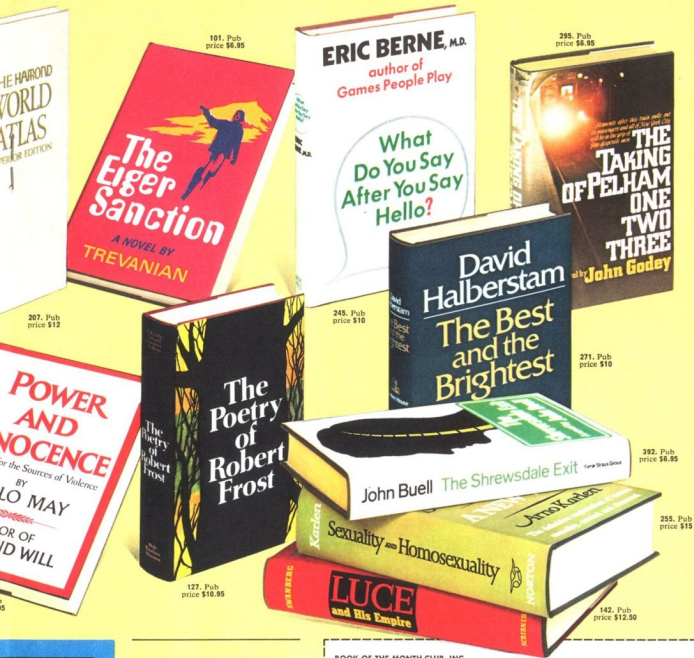


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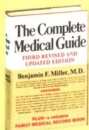
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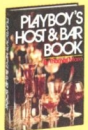
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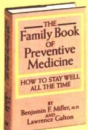
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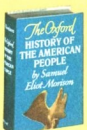
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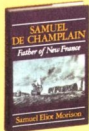
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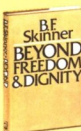
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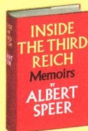
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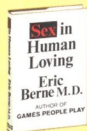
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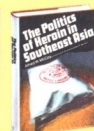
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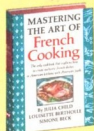
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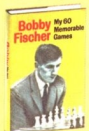
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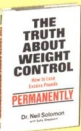
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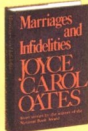
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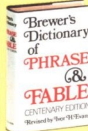
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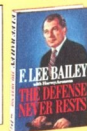
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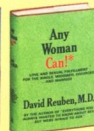
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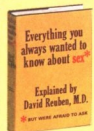
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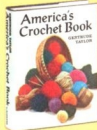


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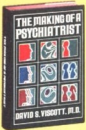


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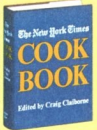
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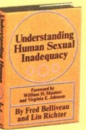
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ALSOPT (LEFT) AT THE GREAT WALL
Seeing how it works.

Southeast Asia, and may come to view it as a force neutralizing Soviet might. "It's known," Alsop quipped, "as singing out of the other side of your mouth, because now you know on which side your bread is buttered."

Alsop has been privately irked by suggestions that his highly favorable columns on China signaled a new-found admiration for the Communist system. In a letter to the *Washington Post*, for example, John Kenneth Galbraith asked in mock wonder whether the "distinguished columnist, Mr. Chou En-lai" was related to "Captain Joe Alsop," who for years had dismissed Chinese Communists as simply an "appendage" of the Soviet Union.

"You go to see whether it works," says Alsop. "You don't have to change your mind about Mao." Indeed, his 25 columns on the China trip suggest that Reporter Alsop checked Advocate Alsop's preconceptions at the border: "I didn't interest myself in the moral aspects of the state. By any standard, it is very immoral and unfree." Instead of fulminating, he visited areas he had known as an aide to the Flying Tigers during World War II, and dug into mundane but fascinating areas of Chinese life. "There was hardly any sightseeing," he recalled. "It was going to a factory or going to a commune and spending hours and hours taking figures and tramping about endlessly seeing how the goddamned thing worked."

Such diligence paid off. Alsop's description of the economic base of a provincial commune or production methods at a small rural factory provide some of the freshest Western reporting yet from China. He even found evidence of humor in the seemingly stolid Communist leadership. At the start of a three-hour interview, Chou En-lai asked him, "Would you like to know what I really think, or would you like another of those boring public interviews?"

Sample of One?

Strangers stop them in restaurants and write them letters, favorable and unfavorable. Reporters hound them for interviews, and they are already being lined up by the talk shows. A publisher has asked them to write their joint autobiography. Pat and Bill Loud, in short, are discovering what it feels like to be TV stars. *An American Family*, the public broadcasting series in which they are featured, is no Ozzie-and-Harriet confection, but the story of their lives and the lives of their five children—with real laughs, real tears and a real breakup that resulted in their divorce.

The Louds sit in fascination to watch the series unfold each Thursday night. It shows an attractive, upper-middle-income family with five children—three boys and two girls—in Santa Barbara, Calif. Many scenes in the six episodes shown so far have reflected mundane aspects of domestic life, but some have been unusual. Pat has visited Son Lance, 20, who has taken up a homosexual life in New York City; a brushfire has nearly destroyed the family's four-bedroom home; the antagonism between Pat and Bill has become obvious. Bill comes across as a charming gladhander, while Pat seems more withdrawn and unhappy. The children are all different. Lance, for example, looks and acts effeminate, while Kevin, 18, is a typical high school politician.

The Louds are not happy with what they see. "I'm mortally ashamed of some of the things I did in the picture, such as getting drunk in the restaurant," confesses Pat. She and Bill are also angry at Producer Craig Gilbert over the

way in which the original 300 hours of film were edited down to twelve one-hour segments. "We let Gilbert and his crew into our house to do a documentary, and they produced a second-rate soap opera," says Bill. "If they filmed 25 normal scenes and five bizarre scenes a day, they picked the five bizarre scenes and only one of the normal ones for the finished piece."

Producer Gilbert vehemently denies this, and he has been so shaken by the furor over the show that last week he went back into psychoanalysis. "It is understandable that the family is confused and hurt," he says, "but it comes partly as the inevitable result of other people seeing them differently than they see themselves. Like all of us, they should be proud of their lives and take responsibility for the good and the bad. They did what they did. There's nothing to be ashamed of." Unlike many of the TV critics who have written about the show, Gilbert sees no failure of communication between the Louds. "They communicate. But they don't communicate about the bad stuff. That's the way we are as a country, and that's what the series is about. We can't ever admit that we have made a mistake."

The Louds' mistakes are all too visible. For seven months they were followed for most of their waking hours by a 16-mm. camera and a two-man crew. The camera went with Bill, who owns a company selling strip-mining equipment, on business deals and even followed Lance on his vacation to Europe. While they all had veto power over private scenes, they rarely exercised it, but instead carried on the most intimate discussions before the camera. Even the



FILMING OF "AMERICAN FAMILY," WITH KEVIN (GUITAR) & GRANT (PIANO)
The middle-class dream and a compulsion to confess.

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

scene in which Pat tells Bill that she wants him to move out—he had been seeing other women—is recorded on celluloid. "After some months the crew was like family," explains Pat. "I acted as if they were part of us. I forgot about the camera."

Did she really? Cameraman Alan Raymond speculates that the filming may have served as a catalyst to the divorce, speeding up an inevitable break. "When a camera films things, people think about them more," he maintains. Sometimes, he adds, members of the family used the presence of the camera in their dealings with other members, knowing that the others would usually guard some responses—restraining anger, for example—with the all-seeing eye upon them.

The basic question remains: Why did the Lounds, who were not paid a penny for the series, allow such public scrutiny of their lives? "I think there are a lot of American families who would let this happen," says Dr. Thomas Cottle, a psychotherapist at M.I.T. "It is a compulsion of this culture—the compulsion to confess." Dr. Roderick Gorney, a psychologist at U.C.L.A., agrees. "Ten years ago the Lounds wouldn't have permitted TV to film intimate details of their domestic life. But the sense of privacy has been very much changed." Asks Bill, a handsome six-footer who amiably acknowledges that he is quite a ham: "What would you have done if someone came to you and said they wanted to spend \$1,250,000 on a film about you?" Adds Lance: "The series was the fulfillment of the middle-class dream that you can become famous for being just what you are. This is actually the greatest thing I've done to date." Both Lance and Bill were to have another opportunity to display the ham this week when all seven Lounds, together with Gilbert, were to appear on the *Dick Cavett Show*.

Tuning Out. Academic experts are sharply divided on both the merits and authenticity of the series. Anthropologist Margaret Mead finds that the Lounds share both the problems and the rewards of many other American families. Boston Psychiatrist Norman Paul sees something more disturbing. "It is not just the Lounds being depicted," he maintains. "The series shows how people tune out the guts of their lives. That's going on today in epidemic form."

Columbia Sociologist Herbert Gans insists that the Loud family is merely "a sample of one. All the talk about the show's meaning is ill-founded. It is a single family portrait and nothing more." Adds Irving Louis Horowitz, a sociologist at Rutgers University: "Any family that opens itself up, as the Lounds did, has a tendency toward exhibitionism and is already on its way to becoming a nonfamily. The very act of being filmed for public television makes the Lounds atypical."

Would the Lounds do it again? "Never, I've had it," says Pat, who is still sin-

gle and lives with four of the children in the house she and Bill shared. Yes, says Bill, a disaffected bachelor who has become something of a celebrity both in Santa Barbara and on business trips: "I enjoyed it. I'm happiest when I've got a lot of people around and when people come up and talk to me about it. It's an ego trip, I suppose."

ABC's Potpourri

For ten years, NBC's Johnny Carson was the undisputed king of late-night television. During part of that time, CBS and ABC scarcely bothered to try to topple him from the peak of the Nielsen ratings. When they did, as in CBS's venture with Merv Griffin in a Carson-style format, they flopped. CBS eventually gave up and last year opted for the sizable audience of insomniacs who want nothing more than to watch old movies. Now ABC thinks that it has found still a third audience with what it calls its *Wide World of Entertainment*.

Wide World is a rotating sequence of four formats—a week each of Jack Paar, Dick Cavett, comedy and mystery, with two nights of rock music thrown in as a fillip. The package includes just about everything, it seems, but trained seals beating out *The Star Spangled Banner* on the xylophone. Its first six weeks have ABC executives glowing—and crowing. Says Michael Eisner, vice president in charge of program development: "Philosophically, I am wildly enthusiastic. And it is working." Translation: Eisner likes the format and so do a lot of viewers.

Whereas the old *Dick Cavett Show* was picked up by only 145 stations (and as few as 130 on many nights), the new potpourri is carried by 165. ABC's share of the ratings has shown a commensurate improvement. Shortly before the end of his weekly show, Cavett was

watched by an average of 3 million viewers (v. 7.5 million for Carson and 6.1 million for the CBS movie). According to the most recent Nielsens, *Wide World*'s week of comedy was watched by 5.9 million people and CBS's late movie by 6.6 million. NBC's *Tonight Show* was down to only 6.7 million viewers. The other three parts of *Wide World* have not fared so well. Their audience has ranged from 4.5 million for Paar to 5 million for the week of mystery shows to 4.1 million for Cavett. But all—including Cavett—have done better than the old Cavett show alone. It remains to be seen whether viewers, normally creatures of almost daily habit, will opt for a less varied format on some other network once *Wide World*'s novelty wears off.

Some of the shows deserved their success. *In Concert*, ABC's innovative effort to bring rock to TV, was beautifully staged and photographed, while "Suspense Week" provided standard but diverting TV mystery.

Even *Wide World*'s disasters and near disasters have had some merit. Jack Paar's feeble comeback was a little like raising the *Titanic* only to have it sink again, but he is still an alternative for those weary of Johnny Carson. Although some nights of the comedy week were mind-numbing in their amateurishness, others, like those given over to a humorous look at the news, with such performers as Mort Sahl and Marian Mercer, were as funny as the early *Laugh-In*.

In part because production costs are only a quarter to one-third what they would be in prime time, ABC feels it can afford a few flops. "With *Wide World* we have found a new place where we can develop new concepts, new talents and new forms," says Eisner. "It gives us the ability to fail—and without this you will never succeed."



MORT SAHL & MARIAN MERCER ON "WIDE WORLD'S" COMEDY NEWS
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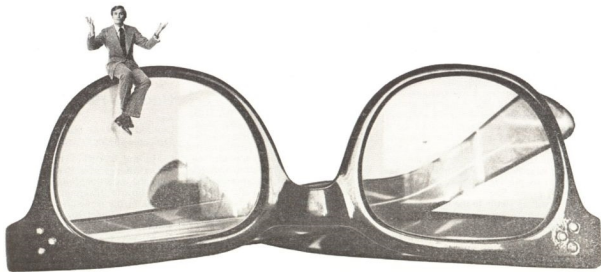
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CINEMA

Rack of Lamb

LADY CAROLINE LAMB

Directed by ROBERT BOLT

Screenplay by ROBERT BOLT

This liberally embellished biography of a woman who played muse to the Romantic era cannot really be called good, but it certainly is funny. The question is whether Writer-Director Robert Bolt achieved the hilarity by design or accident. His previous film work—for example, the scripts for those David Lean dirigibles *Doctor Zhivago* and *Ryan's Daughter*—has been pretty stiff and sobered; silly, perhaps, but politely so. Here, making his debut as a film director, Bolt comes off rather like

best. Lamb's temporary political disgrace, for example, had less to do with his wife's indiscretions than with parliamentary machinations, and Lady Caroline had several other heated liaisons subsequent to the one with Byron. In the Bolt version, such niceties must yield to the demands of melodrama.

The film opens, fittingly enough, with Miles thundering across the countryside on horseback, and ends with her dying on her back in a belvedere bathed in moonlight. In between, there is a fair number of sharp performances surrounding her. Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson, who must both be on permanent call for big-budget costume dramas, appear respectively as the Duke of Wellington and King George III, and behave—correctly—as if they had just found themselves in the middle of an elaborate revue.

Finch is suitably staunch as William, and Chamberlain contributes an amusingly eccentric interpretation of Byron as a pretty narcissist who arranges his curls carefully before entering a ballroom. Margaret Leighton, full of delicate malice, is superb as William's mother. "Your wife is a mass of nothing, Willie," she announces to her son, as if she had just concluded an elementary scientific investigation with a magnifying glass and a tweezer. Not a completely unfair appraisal of the movie, either.

■ Jay Cocks



CHAMBERLAIN & MILES IN "LAMB"
De Mille with a degree.

a De Mille with a university degree.

Rather too reserved for camp, *Lady Caroline Lamb* entertains exactly because Bolt struggles to do something serious. He gives the disconcerting feeling of having wanted to say something gravely personal, an impression strongly reinforced by the presence of his wife, Sarah Miles, in the title role.

Miles portrays Lady Caroline like a seascick naiad. She is married to that steadfast politician William Lamb (Jon Finch), who is later to become Lord Melbourne, no thanks to her. Caroline conducts a mad love affair with Lord Byron (Richard Chamberlain), submitting eagerly to such ignominious charades as playing Nubian slave to his surly prince. She thereby offers herself as a willing victim to the Romantic Agony, not to mention the subsequent shame, strife and scandal.

Lapses of taste are far more frequent than distortions of history, although Bolt can bend a fact with the

Radical Chic

STEELYARD BLUES

Directed by ALAN MYERSON

Screenplay by DAVID S. WARD

In Robert Aldrich's excellent *The Flight of the Phoenix* (1966), an ill-assorted group of renegades, soldiers, businessmen and misfits were marooned in the middle of a desert, their sole hope of survival being to somehow piece together their crashed plane. *Steelyard Blues* more or less rips off the same plot, but dispenses with suspense in favor of fey comedy and ragtag radicalism.

Donald Sutherland plays Jesse Veldini, a cheap crook and demolition-derby contestant with a pronounced contempt for private property. "I'm not a criminal, I'm an outlaw," he explains to his occasional paramour Iris (Jane Fonda). Jesse's ambitious brother Frank (Howard Hesseman), who is running for state attorney general, sees it differently. To him, Jesse is not only a public nuisance but a threat to the campaign. Jesse's real interest lies in consorting with a group of benign crazies (Peter Boyle, Garry Goodrow and John Savage) in a plot to get a behemoth airship off the ground. Destination: some political Cloud Cuckoo-land where there are no hassles, no jails, no discrimination.

Director Myerson, who has worked

with the San Francisco improvisational cabaret group, The Committee, has not made a movie before, a fact that becomes obvious in the first few minutes of *Steelyard Blues*. Technically the film is a shambles. The narrative only occasionally lapses into coherence. That may, in fact, be a blessing. The fairy-tale atmosphere that decorates the film like an icing makes the political palaver seem all the more frivolous.

"You're pretty tough," an old con tells Sutherland at the beginning of the film, "but you ain't dangerous." *Steelyard Blues* tries to be a little tough, but isn't; it never even tries to be dangerous. Myerson has all he can do to be funny once in a while, what with jokes like "We could go to Rome, Paris, Pittsburgh, all those places," and sight gags like Peter Boyle's not being able to boost himself up on a windowsill.

The actors, who have all been ex-



FONDA & SUTHERLAND IN "BLUES"
Radicalism with icing.

cellent elsewhere, are at loose ends here. Jane Fonda's Iris is a warmed-over, heart-of-gold hooker; Sutherland's Jesse is so unflappable and cool he suffers from frostbite. Peter Boyle's jolly schizophrenic has lots of identities to assume. Only one—a mock-up of Brando in *The Wild Ones*—seems to suit him. ■ J.C.

Hack for Hire

PULP

Directed by MICHAEL HODGES

Screenplay by MICHAEL HODGES

In the words of its hero-author Mickey King, who thoughtfully provides the narration, *Pulp* is a record of "that bizarre adventure that put five people in the cemetery and ruled me out as a customer for laxatives." It is also an absolutely smashing movie.

Mickey, played by Michael Caine, is the definitive hack, the proudly profane author of dozens of paperback

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CAINE & SCOTT IN "PULP"
Proudly profane.

thrillers, any one of which would make the novels of Mickey Spillane read like the collected works of John Ruskin. He turns out his books at the rate of 10,000 dictated words per day—just like Erle Stanley Gardner—and markets the finished products under a variety of exotic pseudonyms (like O.R. Gann, "a leading authoress," or "the struggling Nigerian author, S. Odomy"). He also adopts a zealously sleazy lifestyle and a cheap line of patter to fit

his chosen profession. No sooner has Mickey polished off his newest thriller, *The Organ Grinder*, than he is approached by an unlikely p.r. type named Ben Dinuccio (Lionel Stander) with a mysterious proposition that turns out to be a commission to ghostwrite the autobiography of Preston Gilbert (Mickey Rooney). Gilbert is a runt who grew into Hollywood's No. 1 celluloid hoodlum and who, boasts Dinuccio, "boffed every leading lady he ever worked with."

Currently, Gilbert is combating illness, old age and dwindling celebrity in a Mediterranean villa that is decorated like an elaborate set from *The Roaring Twenties*. Soon after King's arrival, life begins to imitate artifice. There are decadent aristocrats, a mysterious mistress (Nadia Cassini), a vulturous ex-wife (Elizabeth Scott), and a professor from Berkeley (Al Lettieri) found dead in a bathtub—just like *Diabolique*—who pops up later as an assassin. And of course there are also the requisite bizarre coincidences, intimations of labyrinthine intrigues, and murders. It is all highly improbable, like one of Gilbert's movies or one of King's books.

The plot that Writer-Director Hodges has concocted is an affectionate and very often hilarious pastiche, at once a deft parody of a genre and loving tribute to it. In Hodges' first film, *Get Carter* (1971), he carried his absorption in the thriller close to outright

imitation. For all its brutal energy, the movie was too heavily reminiscent of John Boorman's *Point Blank*. Hodges has not only got his distance in *Pulp*; he has also found a style and voice of his own. He is constantly, ebulliently inventive, whether in the scrupulously outrageous dialogue ("I expected the place to be crawling with cops, like maggots in a Camembert") or in one of the many dazzling visual jokes, like a group of Italian priests squirming through the humiliation of a police lineup.

Hodges even dares to have the story take a serious turn—a rather abrupt one, to be sure, but audacious and very nearly successful. King becomes a prisoner of his own fantasies, crippled when the most lurid creations of his fiction become real and dangerous. His single defense is to wall himself up inside his own perverted imagination, to distance reality until it becomes remote and unthreatening.

Always an adept actor, Caine is splendid here. His King, quintessentially seedy, strikes just the proper balance between calculated mediocrity and droll detachment. As Gilbert, Mickey Rooney is equal parts Robinson, Cagney and miniature tornado. It is a broad performance, but Hodges draws firm boundaries for it, which Rooney straddles occasionally but never oversteps. The performance, like the movie itself, deserves to become some crazy kind of minor classic.

■ J.C.

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WITH PSYCHOANALYST BERGER, "PATIENT" (PLAYED BY MODEL) WATCHES SELF ON TV

BEHAVIOR

Video Therapy

Instant replay, split-screen images and closeups have long been known to TV sports fans. Now they are beginning to become familiar to psychiatric patients as well. An increasing number of psychotherapists are supplementing their treatment by using video tape to give patients a good look at themselves. Some enthusiasts are so excited about the results that they are already talking of a major breakthrough in psychiatry.

One of the most creative pioneers in the new method is Manhattan Psychoanalyst Milton M. Berger, who uses a combination of analytic and video techniques to treat individuals, couples and families. While conducting traditional therapy sessions, Berger operates two cameras equipped with zoom lenses designed to catch face, hand and body movements that often reveal more than the spoken word about personality and emotional problems. Patients can watch themselves on one or all of Berger's four TV monitors, or view reruns later.

Forced by video to "remove their blinders," as Berger puts it, many patients notice that their facial expressions can put people off. A TV scriptwriter being treated in both individual and group therapy watched a tape of herself made during a group session, then dissolved in tears. "What bothered me," she told Berger, "was this smug expression I have on my face—as if I know it all, and I really don't." In other cases, the camera may pick up a patient's hidden fears. One young woman reacted with a look of sheer terror when she was called "a sexy babe" by a member

of her therapy group. The sight of her face on the TV screen made her realize that it was important to understand the causes of her sexual anxieties.

Video can be equally useful in pointing up the significance of silence. After a wife complained that her husband showed no reaction when she spoke to him, Berger replayed a tape made at a previous joint therapy session. In the rerun, the wife talked while her husband held his pipe in clenched fingers and tamped down the tobacco with a jabbing motion that in retrospect revealed a "squelched inner fury."

Very often, Berger finds, replays can demonstrate to patients that their relationships with others go wrong because they send contradictory "double messages" when they speak or listen. One illustration: a husband responded to a suggestion from his wife with the words, "That's a good idea"—but at the same time he brushed an invisible bit of dust from his trouser leg with a gesture of almost contemptuous dismissal. Similarly, a wife's quiet posture as she sat listening to her husband suggested attentiveness, but her face looked bored.

Replays can also stimulate "retrospective shock"—the sudden recovery of old memories that may give insight into present troubles. After watching her rigid posture on the monitor for 15 minutes, one patient recalled a childhood fear: that she would be abandoned if she did not behave. That was the reason for her exaggerated self-control as an adult. Aware that the fear was no longer realistic, she became able to relax and behave more spontaneously.

In another variation of the video

technique, Berger projects as many as twelve pictures of a patient side by side, each more blurred than the preceding one. For many patients, he says, these multiple, shadowy images serve as a bridge "into deeper inner selves" that have remained, like the images themselves, elusive and distorted. Berger asked one shy, self-demeaning salesman with virtually no memories of his childhood to comment on split-screen images of himself. "It's like me looking into the past," the salesman said, "and I get smaller and smaller until I disappear into nothingness." Then he remembered that as a child he had felt worthless, different from others, and ignored at home. Berger believes that this insight into early feelings of insignificance eventually helped the salesman to shed some of his shyness.

To critics of Berger's approach, video tape is no more than a distraction, an expensive plaything. But Berger and many of his colleagues consider it not a toy but a tool, and not prohibitively expensive. Adequate equipment, Berger says, can be bought for two or three thousand dollars.

Older and Wiser

From the moment of birth the average human being loses brain cells. They die at a rate that can accelerate to as many as 100,000 per day by age 60, and unlike other cells they are not replaced. That dismaying loss would seem to ensure a substantial decline in mental capacity by middle age. But Psychologist Jon Kanas, director of the University of Santa Clara Counseling Center, believes that despite the diminishing number of brain cells, IQ may actually increase with age. In a recent study, Kanas found that the IQs of 48 men and women in the San Francisco Bay area went up about 20 points between childhood and early middle age.

First tested as preschoolers, members of the group had a mean* IQ of 110.7. This rose to 113.3 ten years later and to 124.1 after another 15 years. By the time the subjects were in the 39- to 44 age group, their mean IQ was 130.1.

Kanas found an unexpected variation between IQ changes in men and women: among men, those with the highest IQs as children showed the greatest increase in IQ scores as adults. But among women, those who were brightest as youngsters made the smallest gains in adulthood. Most of the female subjects were housewives or held undemanding jobs, while all of the males had stimulating careers. For this reason, Kanas attributes the male-female IQ differences to his subjects' jobs—or lack of them. Though he admits that he cannot prove it, he theorizes that performing mental tasks may not only bore some women, but may even hold them back intellectually.

*Half scored higher, the other half lower



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Classroom Pushers

About five years ago, teachers heard the welcome news that small doses of amphetamines and other psychoactive drugs could turn hyperactive children into willing learners. As a result, an estimated 300,000 children now are taking these drugs—and many of them should not be. Last week the Committee on Drugs of the American Academy of Pediatrics proposed regulations to the U.S. Food and Drug Administration to prevent abuses such as these:

► In Garden City, Mich., a teacher persuaded a father to get a physician to prescribe Ritalin to calm his restless six-year-old daughter Joanie. The drug made her so withdrawn that she would sometimes sit for hours doing nothing. "One day I got panicky," her father said. "I had just said her name softly, and she started sobbing uncontrollably." A battery of tests disclosed that Joanie was perfectly healthy. What she needed was drill in basic reading, not drugs.

► In Palo Alto, Calif., nine-year-old Kent's teacher and the school psychologist talked his parents into administering drugs to control the boy's mischievous and belligerent behavior. The amphetamines, however, only made Kent depressed. Frequently he complained of feeling persecuted by other children and cried himself to sleep. His parents took him to a psychiatrist, who concluded that all the boy needed was more activity to use up his frenetic energy.

The psychoactive drugs actually are helpful for a condition known as hyperkinesia, a restlessness that some experts believe derives from minimal brain damage or chemical imbalances. But what distresses parents and physicians alike is that it is far too easy for a teacher to mistake normal childhood restlessness for hyperkinesia or some other ailment requiring treatment by drugs.* An alarming number of unsophisticated teachers seem to be doing just that. For this small group, drugs are the panacea for all behavior problems. In Berkeley, one teacher recommended drug therapy for nine of her 28 pupils because their spirited behavior convinced her that they were brain-damaged.

Fully 15% of Omaha's 70,000 schoolchildren were on the drugs until doctors spread a warning that indiscriminate use could be dangerous. In Scituate, R.I., one doctor told a mother that her unruly second-grader did not need drugs, but "to please the school, why don't you give him them anyway?" She wisely refused—but many parents have not. Dr. Eric Denhoff, an early re-

searcher in the field, estimates that at least half of the 6,000 children on amphetamines in Rhode Island should not be. In Seattle, one researcher found several children taking the drugs when their restlessness actually was caused by poor eyesight or allergic reactions to the glue or dye in their schoolbooks.

Relying on drugs to control fidgety children is a dangerous course for any teacher, no matter how well-meaning he may be. Even trained specialists sometimes find it hard to diagnose hyperkinesia, since symptoms of the disease include, as Berkeley Psychologist John Hurst puts it, "almost everything that adults don't like about children."

Thus the drug committee of the American Academy of Pediatrics in its proposals included detailed guidelines to help doctors be more certain that a child's problem is indeed hyperkinesia.

That might end the more flagrant abuses. Even so, some experts like Child Psychiatrist Mark Stewart of the University of Iowa have lost their early enthusiasm for using drugs to control unruly children. To Stewart, the real danger is not side effects but that "by the time a child on drugs reaches puberty, he does not know what his undrugged personality is and, even worse, his family does not know how to accept it."

M.I.T.: Beyond Technology

Dancers cavort before a student film crew while near by a gallery displays subtle canvas-on-canvas paintings. Elsewhere young men and women read their latest poetry and a symphony orchestra rehearses a new work, *Metamorphoses*. The title is appropriate, for the setting is not some artsy experimental college but the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where students traditionally have been more at home with scientific pursuits like laser technology, cancer research and hydroacoustics.

Just a few years ago, such goings on would have been rarely seen at M.I.T. For 112 years, it has dedicated itself to science and technology. Currently it is one of the largest defense contractors among U.S. universities, with the Pentagon supplying two-thirds of its \$174 million annual research budget. Nevertheless, the Cambridge campus is the site of what M.I.T. President Jerome B. Wiesner hopes will be a "renaissance in which man will replace machine at the center of the stage."

Recalls Pianist John Buttrick, who heads the music department: "When I came here eight years ago, the attitude was that art and music were like drinking beer and feeling up girls—enjoyable but hardly creditable academically." Since then, his department's faculty has

more than doubled to 13; music courses are so popular that two-thirds of the sophomore class is enrolled in them. M.I.T.'s student orchestra regularly sells out the 1,200-seat Kresge Auditorium, and next spring will perform in Philadelphia, Dallas, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. One orchestra and faculty member, Pianist Robert Freeman, has been chosen to head the prestigious Eastman School of Music at the University of Rochester. Other departments boast similar expertise in the arts.

Even though science and engineering remain M.I.T.'s basic educational pursuits, a growing number of its 4,000 undergraduates are opting for more than just the requisite 10% of their course credits in the humanities. Literature classes are swamped; creative

CHRISTOPHER MORROW



WIESNER (RIGHT) IN MUSIC ROOM
W = World view; G = God.

writing courses have grown tenfold in five years. Says Poet Patricia Cumming of her students: "They make fascinating analogies to science. They have a way of rushing to the blackboard and covering it with equations: *W* equals world view, *G* equals God and so on. You can be teaching John Donne and end up with a board like a physics class."

In part, increased attention to the arts was M.I.T.'s response to criticism from students and faculty in the late 1960s about the institute's dependence on military research. But long after the critical voices fell silent, the arts continued to flourish, largely because of pipe-smoking, affable President Wiesner, 57. To him, "A person is much less of a human being if he thinks of himself only as a technocrat. Society needs the cognitive reaction of a poet as well as a technologist."

Though no artist himself, Wiesner is well suited to weld together C.P. Snow's two cultures. After graduating from the University of Michigan in

*All too reminiscent of the late 19th century, when many parents commonly calmed their irritable or overactive children with opium-based elixirs such as Winslow's Soothing Syrup, which were readily available without prescriptions.

EDUCATION

1937, he became chief engineer of the record laboratory of the Library of Congress. For two years he helped collect folk songs, in the process forming friendships with Folk Singer Pete Seeger and Folklorist Alan Lomax. In 1946 Wiesner joined M.I.T. as a professor of electrical engineering, and, except for his years as President John F. Kennedy's science adviser, he has stayed there ever since. In 1966 he became M.I.T.'s provost, in 1971 its president. His inauguration amounted to a week-long happening. Playwright Lillian Hellman delivered a lyrical reminiscence of their friendship, Seeger sang and Archibald MacLeish composed a poem praising Wiesner as a man who "won't write off mankind."

As M.I.T.'s head man, Wiesner has organized the Council for the Arts, which so far has raised \$100,000 for the creative arts at the school. In such an atmosphere, the arts have learned from the technologists. Hungarian-born designer Gyorgy Kepes works in light sculpture, most recently using gas flames that vary in size or hue according to sound patterns. He believes that "when artists find science so forbidding that they cannot enter, half the world slips through their fingers."

Music Professor Barry Vercoe, 36, is developing a way for composers to write music at a computer console, hear an electronic "orchestra" play it, then make changes in the score. Discovering new tools for artistic expression, however, is only one of the benefits these days for an artist at M.I.T. "What's most satisfying," says Music Chairman Buttrick, "is that you have a sense of tempering the social order, of acquainting those who will shape the future with a sensitivity they haven't known."

Generation Gap

As indicated by quiet campuses, today's college students are more interested in their studies than in protest demonstrations. Now it appears that this year's freshmen are also a little more conservative than their predecessors.

Last week the American Council on Education released the results of a survey of 188,900 freshmen at 373 schools across the country. It found that nearly 48% described themselves as middle-of-the-road, and 16.6% said they were conservative, up slightly from a year ago. The number of those who feel that the Federal Government is not doing enough to promote school desegregation declined three points to about 48%. More than half think the courts are too concerned with the rights of criminals, compared with 48% the year before. The survey also found that more freshmen smoke cigarettes (up about four points to 20%), fewer drink beer (down ten points to 50%) and more think marijuana should be legalized (46% against last year's 39%). Additionally, more hope to join fraternities or sororities (17%).

MUSIC & DANCE

The Ailey Style

As a young dancer, Alvin Ailey was lithe, handsome and much sought after. But artistically he felt that he was stepping on his own toes. He wanted to be a choreographer and build a new dance company. That company's mission would be to sum up the dance heritage of Ailey's fellow blacks, to express "the exuberance of [the Negro's] jazz, the ecstasy of his spirituals and the dark rapture of his blues." In 1958, when Ailey was 27, he got the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater off the ground. Yet if Ailey today occupies a special niche in American dance, it is because, having achieved his ethnic goal, he promptly moved beyond it.

Now based at Manhattan's City Center and a regular visitor to the nation's college campuses, the Ailey company is perhaps the most thoroughly integrated ensemble in all the American performing arts—stylistically as well as racially. Its repertory blends or juxtaposes Afro-American quick steps with the elongated *en pointe* of classical ballet, Ornette Coleman with Benjamin Britten, urban rock with plaintive folk songs from the North Carolina hills. "What we do is celebrate people," says Ailey. "That's all we are about."

The people often celebrate right back. From Russia to North Africa (two of the troupe's more recent tour stops for the State Department), from Los Angeles to Minneapolis, Ailey's young, radiantly sleek troupe packs them in night after night. It is the hottest modern dance company in the U.S. today, and one of the most popular ever.

Last week's visit to the University of Iowa was a case in point. During

the day the students donned leotards and crowded round for master classes conducted by Ailey Regulars Estelle Spurlock and Hector Mercado. At night the youngsters and other Iowa City dance devotees, attired in everything from sweatshirts to evening gowns and sneakers to wingtips, poured into Hancher Auditorium to see such Ailey staples as *Flowers* (a rock piece based on the life and death of Janis Joplin) and *Masekela Langage* (a militant, African-flavored work about the effect of violence on lives today). If there was a show-stopper, it was Ailey's early (1960) *Revelations*, a scintillating fusion of jazz, folk and gospel, as well as a showcase for the art of Ailey's *première danseuse* Judith Jamison. Elegant of long limb, eloquent of stride and poise, Jamison epitomizes Ailey's ideal of the total dancer. Ailey has created a work that has become for Jamison the kind of showpiece that *The Dying Swan* was for Pavlova. Cry, set to music by Laura Nyro, Alice Coltrane and others, embodies the pain and pride of black women everywhere.

Born 42 years ago in Rogers, Texas (pop. 1,030), to a laborer and his wife, who soon separated, Ailey remained with his mother and moved with her to Los Angeles when he was eleven. After a brief flirtation with romance languages at San Francisco State College, he began studying with Lester Horton, a pioneering white choreographer whose West Coast school was devoted to the development of black dancers. By 1953 Ailey was dancing in Horton's *Bal Carabe* revue at Ciro's nightclub.

Though Ailey toyed with Hollywood long enough to get a dancing part in 20th Century-Fox's *Carmen Jones*

HERBERT WIDDELL



CHOREOGRAPHER ALVIN AILEY LEADING REHEARSAL AT MANHATTAN'S CITY CENTER
The exuberance of jazz, the ecstasy of spirituals, the rapture of blues.

(1955), he soon was off to New York to study modern dance with Martha Graham and Doris Humphrey, ballet with Karel Shook. Since the rise of his own company, he has continued to freelance extensively as a choreographer. His iconoclastic *Feast of Ashes*, created for the Joffrey Ballet in 1962, signaled a new fusion of classic ballet and modern dance styles, or the advent of what can only be called the Ailey style. "What I like," he says, "is the line and technical range that classical ballet gives to the body. But I still want to project to the audience the expressiveness that only modern dance offers, especially for the inner kind of things."

Tattered Sweater. Ailey's latest application of this mixture is in the Virgil Thomson-Gertrude Stein *Four Saints in Three Acts*, which he directed for the opening this week of Opera at the Forum, the Metropolitan Opera's new minicompany devoted to works too special or small to be staged in the 3,800-seat main house.

When Bachelor Ailey is not busy pursuing his favorite pastimes (pastries, girls, diets—he has just shed 50 lbs.), he can usually be found at his company's Manhattan headquarters, puttering around in a tattered red sweater and rolled-up slacks, dreaming up new jobs for himself. He has, for example, decided to become a curator as well as an innovator in dance. He now regularly revives old works by the likes of Ted Shawn, Katherine Dunham and, of course, Lester Horton. That involves the company, says Ailey, "in making one arm of ourselves a museum of classic American works."

Mad Bag Opera

There are essentially three kinds of operas: those that glorify the human voice (Bellini, Donizetti), those that glorify the orchestra (Strauss, Berg) and those that glorify both (Mozart, Wagner). What would the ultimate non- or anti-opera be? Obviously, a work that glorified neither singers nor orchestra—in fact, had no singers or orchestra at all.

Last week in Germany such a work appeared. The orchestra pit of the Hamburg State Opera was empty, and up on the stage strode the weirdest bunch of non-human heavies since Wagner peopled his *Ring* cycle with gnomes, mermaids, dragons and bears. Five 21-ft. chrome-and-steel towers reeled in patterns that owed less to choreography than to the movement of armored tank columns. They were directed from backstage by electronic remote control, and were adorned with mirrors (20 to a tower) that caught the unburst of spots, strobes and color projectors that beamed down upon them.

For part of the evening, stage center was occupied by a 33-ft. glass prism that drank in the light, threw it back out kaleidoscopically, and seemed to be imitating the mystery-of-the-universe



STEEL TOWER IN "KYLDX"
Cotton for the ears.

monolith in 2001: *A Space Odyssey*. A troupe of ballet dancers suddenly materialized to writhe to Pierre Henry's electronic sound track, which was often so loud that the management had to provide cotton balls for the ears of the audience.

Could this be opera? Or even anti-opera? State Opera Director Rolf Liebermann clearly thought it belonged in an opera house; he commissioned the piece, called *Kyldex I*, as the 23rd and final new work to open under his imprimatur at Hamburg (the now moves to the Paris Opera). So did the man who created *Kyldex*, Parisian Kinetic Artist Nicolas Schöffer, 60, who spoke of his audiovisual creation as "a new step on the road toward communication and the socialization of art."

Actually *Kyldex I* was an exercise in mock cybernetics, complete with audience participation, that fell flat on its mirrors. The underlying premise was noble: involve the audience, especially the young. The overlying problem was that on opening night almost everything failed to work. Through a system of electronic signals attached to each seat, the audience was supposed to be able to vote on whether to halt a given segment of *Kyldex I*, speed it up, slow it down, have it explained or repeated. Unfortunately, the polltakers could agree only rarely on the vote. So much for artistic socialism.

When it was all over, the capacity audience of 1,600 surprised everybody, including itself, by bursting into rapturous applause. Partly this seemed to express appreciation on purely sensory grounds for the novelty of Schöffer's pleasantly mad bag of magical tricks. Partly it was relief that the show was over. Mostly, perhaps, it was gratitude that the audience's grandest option had not been exercised—extending the basic 78 minutes of programmed sequences to the maximum of ten hours.

THE THEATER

The Heroic Monster

RICHARD III
by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Shuffling onto the bare, makeshift stage of Boston's Church of the Covenant, Al Pacino's Richard could be taken for a failed Mafia assassin seeking asylum. The left sleeve of his green knit pullover bunches around some unspeakable wound of a hand. The yarn in the shoulder stretches obscenely over his hump. His cheeks quiver with little tics. His lips pout in private arrangements of humor and rage. When he speaks, Elizabethan English seems to acquire a Sicilian accent: Shakespeare out of *The Godfather*.

This is but one of several Richards that Pacino offers. Wooing Lady Anne across the corpse of her father-in-law, whom he has murdered, the Pacino Richard becomes the archetypal Latin lover, a superior Rudolph Valentino with sound. Playing off against his brother Edward IV—prim in gray double-breasted suit with pink button-down shirt and polka-dot tie—he cuts up like a sinister baggy-pants clown. Cornered on the battlefield where he is about to lose his crown and his life, waving the royal dagger like a switchblade, he turns into pure street fighter.

Pacino is performing a brilliant solo with variations in front of the supporting cast of the Theater Company of Boston. Only Linda Selman, as Edward's Queen, is strong enough to hold a scene against him. Still, he is not simply another Big Name using Shakespeare as his showcase.

For Pacino's virtuosity rests upon a profound insight: that Richard is primarily an actor himself. Deprived of the



AL PACINO AS RICHARD
Solo with variations.

THE THEATER

gift of normal humanity, the crippled killer role-plays with savage, self-mocking ingenuity at the parts other men confidently assume: seductive lover, charismatic leader, gallant warrior. In Pacino's conception, Richard's ultimate triumph is not to become King but to put on the whole world. His ultimate tragedy is that he cannot deceive himself. But with what energy—with what charm, with what venom—does Pacino stretch Richard toward his illusions, like a Pirandello character trying to obliterate the obdurate line between actuality and fantasy.

This Richard may be a monster. Yet how heroic and finally touching a monster Pacino makes him, trapped between his unappeasable self-contempt and his perverse ambition to have others honor him as supreme human being, as King—even if he has to kill half of England in order to stage what he, more than all other men, knows to be a hollow charade.

■ Melvin Maddocks

Chiquitas Bananas

EL COCA-COLA GRANDE
A MUSICAL REVUE

Conceived by RON HOUSE and DIZ WHITE

Playgoers in a silly mood will probably find this daffy production highly diverting. Others will not. British and European audiences made *El Coca-Cola Grande* something of a cult, and if there is anything that off-Broadway loves, it is a cult; the show will doubtless have its U.S. devotees.

The format is that of a musical revue. Most of it is sung or spoken in pidgin Spanish, some in pidgin French and German, and none in English. Much of the show is mimed and the real language is basic zany.

WHITE & WILLIS



Before the performance begins, Señor Don Pepe Hernandez, a third-rate impresario who bills himself as "el compere extraordinario" has advertised in the local press of Trujillo, Honduras, that he has assembled a nightclub act of internationally famous cabaret stars. They include Señor Blind Joe Jackson (*el blues cantante de Jackson, Mississippi*), Giuseppe y Giovanni (*el duo dinamico de Milano, Italia*), and Las Dos La-La-Las (*dos chiquitas frivolas de Barcelona, España*).

These people do not exist, of course, but Don Pepe's uncle, who manages a Coca-Cola bottling plant, has lent him the money to stage an elaborate bluff. The "parade of stars" consists of Don Pepe's nephew, cousin, stepdaughter and daughter. What follows is a showbiz nightmare of ineptitude—jugglers who drop their props, dancers who bump into each other and acrobats who cannot hold each other up. The decrepit old black blues singer and guitarist faces the back of the stage, thumps his foot, forgets all his music and caroms into the pit. Perhaps the funniest skit is one featuring Toulouse-Lautrec, who slithers around with shoes on his knees and tries desperately to heft a huge canvas onto an easel beyond his reach.

As may be guessed, a substantial part of the evening's humor consists of watching people make fools of themselves. This trait is human enough to make some playgoers hold their sides and others their noses.

■ T.E.K.

Dolphin in the Dark

WELCOME TO ANDROMEDA

and VARIETY OBIT

by RON WHYTE

More evenings than not, that aisle-anchored creature the drama critic peers out over a becalmed stage, stagnant characters and dialogue indistinguishable from soggy debris. But on occasion the sight of fresh and genuine talent greets his eye, and the stage seems to quiver with dramatic life.

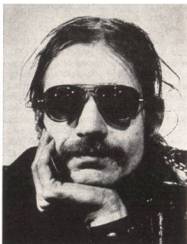
Such a talent is Ron Whyte, 27, who is making his playwrighting debut with these two off-Broadway playlets. Let's mark him for a dolphin who covets in drama as if it were his native element. He writes with humor, grace and eloquence, and he creates characters who refuse to leave the playgoer's memory.

The lesser item, *Variety Obit*, is a kind of songs-and-patter snapshot history of the U.S. from the Puritans to the present as recorded by a vaudeville clan. While the music by Mel Marvin is pleasant and the lyrics by Bob Sattuloff are plaintively evocative, the retrospective vision does not cohere.

Welcome to Andromeda is another matter. The hero (David Clennon) is one of nature's innumerable errors. He is totally paralyzed except for his fingers and his head. His bed is a movable crypt. On his 21st birthday, his mother, a vampire but whom we never see but



CLENNON & JARRETT IN "ANDROMEDA"



PLAYWRIGHT RON WHYTE

Spinning on a cinder.

whose oppressive presence empties the room of breathable air, has gone off to buy him some presents. She has left him in the care of a Southern nurse (Bella Jarrett). She, it develops, is an alcoholic who once gave a patient the wrong medicine. He, it develops, wants the wrong medicine—death—as succor from sorrow. He is caustic; she is dumb. They are both anguished spirits, with a scaring lack of control over the lethal game they are playing.

If one is to guess at Ron Whyte's intent, it is that he wants us to look at two people spinning on the charred cinders of this planet who may be saying to themselves: "Look, the abyss over which you lean is yourself. The pain you feel is just as unendurable as you think it is. The jokes you make as a fence against fate merely underline your epitaph." If so, the playwright may count his luck as equal to his talent, for one can scarcely imagine more gifted and sensitive actors than David Clennon and Bella Jarrett for conveying his purpose and his vision.

■ T.E.K.

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ENVIRONMENT

The Newest New Town

Minnesota's "big north country," with its gentle hills and thick stands of birch and pine, seems an unlikely spot for the most ambitious urban test yet conceived in the U.S. But last week 50,000 acres of Aitkin County, some 120 miles north of Minneapolis-St. Paul, were officially chosen as the site of the Minnesota Experimental City. If all goes as planned, MXC, as the city is called for the time being, could be completed in 1985 and have a maximum population of 250,000.

The experimental city is planned as a totally new town—with the accent on new. Unlike most of the nation's other

ant stroll from the stores. Or if people prefer to ride, there will be moving sidewalks and computer-run, driverless minibuses.

Farms will be mixed with factories and homes to provide what Neil Pinney, MXC's chief architect-planner, calls "a rural-urban balance" throughout the city. Nowhere in MXC will there be skyscrapers ("Psychologically alienating," says Pinney, who used to work with Los Angeles City Planner William Pereira). In their place will be "megastructures" complete with their own housing units, streets and transit systems.

While all this might sound like a Buck Rogers vision, the truth is that the planners have looked back as often as

that private industry will be willing to foot most of the bill. Industrialists see MXC as a perfect test center for their new products and processes—everything from waterless toilets to people movers and charge accounts controlled instantaneously by computers. The primary financial objections so far have come from the Minnesota state legislature. Some senators wonder if the money needed to build MXC would not be better spent in helping existing cities and rural areas with their problems. But Otto Silha, publisher of the Minneapolis *Star and Tribune* and a driving force behind MXC, replies tersely that everything done to date to help the sick cities has failed. MXC, on the other hand, represents a chance to stop both urban and rural decay by promoting a new and lively kind of city that is planned down to its last brick.

The people most directly affected, of course, are the present residents of Aitkin County. Some have banded together to form a "Save Our Northland" committee devoted to doing everything it can to preserve the area's deer and quail hunting and wild, uncrowded spaces. But other residents favor having MXC as a neighbor. "What do we have to lose?" asks Housewife Barbara Hansen. Right now the county's job opportunities are so limited that the only future for her children is "a one-way ticket to Minneapolis. With MXC we have a chance to give them a choice." For city planners round the world, MXC's bold concept also offers a choice in planning for the future.

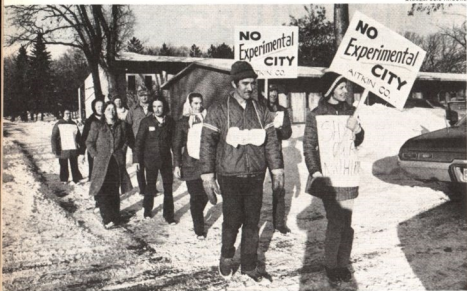
Nixon's View

In his annual state of the environment report, President Nixon last week was almost rhapsodic: "I can report that we are well on our way to winning the war against environmental degradation, well on the way to making our peace with nature." While some progress has been made, the nation's battle for ecological health has hardly been won, as the multitude of proposals put forth by Nixon himself proved.

All told, Nixon cited 27 proposals, including 19 bills left unpassed by Congress last year, which he said needed to be enacted. They would affect almost every area of the nation's environment. His highest priority, said Nixon, was to promote "more effective and sensible use of our land." The President therefore exhorted Congress to heed a bill that would make states take an inventory of their most ecologically valuable land (coastal zones, estuaries, flood plains) and identify areas that might be harmed by building power plants, highways or airports. The penalty for non-compliance: the Government would annually withhold 7% of federal funds for highway and airport projects until the states act.

Other Nixon bills would:

► Use the Highway Trust Fund, which now finances only highway con-



AITKIN COUNTY RESIDENTS ON THE WAY TO PROTEST IN ST. PAUL
A living laboratory for advanced ideas.

new communities, it will not be an instant suburb of another city. Instead, MXC will nestle in the wilderness as a self-contained entity, serving as a living laboratory for the most advanced ideas in urban planning, environment and technology. Planners expect that 130,000 jobs could be created in MXC, mainly in research-oriented industries like environmental technology and communications.

MXC will look like no other city anywhere. The whole downtown area will be roofed over so that residents can enjoy an overcast climate all year round. Electricity for the air conditioning might come from a municipal power plant that burns garbage in pollution-free furnaces. As for the people who live outside the city center, they will be able to shop either by cable TV from home, or else drive to automated highways that will whisk their cars to downtown parking lots that are a short, pleas-

forward. Their stress is on old-fashioned values—"good food, good friends and a good relationship with the earth." Pinney says. That means a return to windmills for some electrical power, to cottage industries for some employment, to a feeling of community through the intimate clustering of neighborhoods.

Test Center. This dream city is the brainchild of freewheeling Scientist Athelstan Spihaus, an oceanographer, physicist and meteorologist. In the eight years since he first got the idea, MXC has drawn support from Twin Cities business leaders, the federal and state governments, and top thinkers like R. Buckminster Fuller, Economist Walter Heller and Urbanologist Harvey Perloff. Their combined efforts are aimed at starting construction by 1975.

Surprisingly, the estimated cost—\$8 billion to \$12 billion—is not one of the prime worries of MXC's eleven-member steering committee, which is confident



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ENVIRONMENT

struction, to provide money for new mass transit systems.

- Protect coastal wetlands, which are the nursery of most (80%) marine life.

- Set national standards to ensure the purity of drinking water.

- Prevent disposal of "extremely hazardous wastes" on land.

- Provide \$20 million to expand the nation's system of wild and scenic rivers.

- Tax industries according to the amounts of sulfur dioxides they discharge into the air.

- Create more wilderness areas in the Eastern U.S. so that the "majority of our people are to have the full benefit of our natural glories."

There is little in Nixon's message to arouse heated opposition. As in the past, the real question is whether the Administration's performance will match its rhetoric. Critics maintain that the White House has often failed to press vigorously enough for passage of its own environmental bills. Whatever the fate of his legislative package, Nixon made it clear that he is determined to tackle two key issues. "The costs of pollution," he stated, "should be met more fully in the free marketplace, not in the federal budget"—meaning that cleanup costs will be reflected in higher prices for goods and services. As to the dilemma involving the exploitation and use of energy resources, which are needed in today's society but account for most of the nation's environmental problems, the President vowed to treat the subject fully in a later special message to Congress.

Serious Violations

If any doubts remained, the Environmental Protection Agency clearly showed last week that it means business. In the largest fine ever levied on behalf of an antipollution measure, EPA won a judgment in U.S. district court against Ford Motor Co. for \$3,500,000, plus other counts settled out of court for an additional \$3,500,000.

Ford employees, EPA asserted, had deliberately tampered with 1973 model cars in order to make them seem less polluting than they actually were. In so doing, Ford violated federal clean-air laws. The court found Ford guilty of 350 criminal counts, at the maximum fine of \$10,000 for each. Ford did not contest the charges. In fact, the company itself had first reported the tampering to authorities and transferred the four responsible employees out of its testing department. Ford also made a strong pitch for suspension of federal emission standards for 1975 and 1976. President Lee A. Iacocca told the New York Chamber of Commerce that the industry "has been backed to the cliff edge of desperation," and that if the suspension is not granted, "a complete shutdown of the U.S. auto industry" could result.

TIME, FEBRUARY 26, 1973

SCIENCE

Nixon v. the Scientists

Richard Nixon has never been able to count American scientists among his most enthusiastic supporters. In recent years, some of his own scientific consultants have publicly criticized him for his use of defoliants in Viet Nam, his support of the supersonic transport (SST) and his campaign for the Safeguard anti-ballistic-missile system. But the President does not seem to be listening. Administration policies, says the Federation of American Scientists, have left "the scientific community with an ever greater feeling of frustration."

Now, in a sweeping reorganization designed to save money and help streamline the cumbersome federal bureaucracy, Nixon has all but exiled Washington's scientific establishment. He decided to abolish the post of Presidential Science Adviser—an office created by President Dwight Eisenhower to help meet Russia's technological challenge. In addition, he may eliminate the White House Office of Science and Technology and the President's Science Advisory Committee. The 20 scientists of that committee provided technical expertise when they were asked for it, and occasional criticism even when they were not—as in the case of the SST. As a result, for the first time since the Russians launched Sputnik 1, the nation's scientists have no direct voice in the inner councils of the White House.

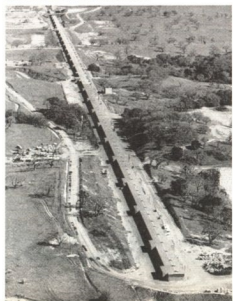
Communication between scientists and the White House was, in fact, less than satisfactory even before Nixon's recent budgeteering. The last Presidential Science Adviser, Edward E. David Jr., who resigned last month after 2½ years of service, admits that he never saw the President more than twice in any single month. Furthermore, in promoting controversial schemes like the

SST, Nixon has tended increasingly to bypass the White House science staff, preferring instead to work through his technology counselor, William Magruder. Thus Nixon's latest moves hardly come as a surprise to scientists. Says M.I.T. President Jerome Wiesner, who was President Kennedy's science adviser: "The reorganization simply recognizes the situation as it has existed throughout the Nixon Administration." More bluntly, Philip Abelson, editor of *Science*, the journal of the 130,000-member American Association for the Advancement of Science, calls it another sign of Nixon's continuing policy of downgrading science.

Under the new streamlined setup, the duties of science adviser will fall to H. Guyford Stever, director of the National Science Foundation. On policy matters, he will consult with Treasury Secretary George Shultz, the Administration's new economic czar; on money requests, he will go to Roy Ash, head of the Office of Management and Budget. An aeronautical engineer and former president of Carnegie-Mellon University who once was an M.I.T. faculty colleague of Shultz's, Stever is convinced that he will always get an adequate hearing from his new bosses. "I might have to jog a little farther to get to these people," says Stever, who has not earned a reputation as a crusader, "but two blocks isn't too bad."

Perhaps not, but Georgia Congressman John Davis, a leading Democratic member of the House Science and Aeronautics Committee, shares the concern of scientists that "they are no longer represented at the President's elbow." Other critics predict a more immediate problem: a potential conflict between Stever's job as director of the federally funded N.S.F. and his new post as science adviser, in which he will give ad-

LINEAR ACCELERATOR AT STANFORD



MOCK-UP OF BOEING SST



SCIENCE

vice on the allocation of federal funds to scientifically oriented agencies.

Even greater anxiety has been raised among scientists by the Administration's budget requests for research and development. For fiscal 1974, Nixon is seeking only \$17.4 billion—a modest boost of \$320 million over estimated 1973 spending and too little to keep pace with inflation. Moreover, most of the increase will be absorbed by the extra funds that have been allocated to what some Government officials call Nixon's "sacred cows": the development of new sources of energy, including the breeder reactor (up \$130 million); the Administration's war on cancer and heart disease (\$92 million); reducing damage from earthquakes and other natural disasters (\$18 million); drug control and rehabilitation (\$2,000,000); and research into new methods of crime prevention and control (\$12 million). At the same time, the Ad-

ministrators who have been staging the noisy "science for the people" demonstrations at professional gatherings. As a result, Nixon and some of his most bitter foes have suddenly become unlikely allies.

According to Bell Labs President William O. Baker, one of Nixon's unofficial science consultants, the President wants "to couple research to the actual delivery of knowledge." When no immediate payoff can be promised, there have been cutbacks even in areas that are politically acceptable. Explaining the big reduction in the \$27 million budget of the Department of the Interior's Office of Saline Water, for instance, one skeptical scientist says: "About all they've discovered is that distilled water will be free of salt."

Young Edison. What worries scientists is the obvious dangers in any policy, however well intended, that aims at short-term practical and political benefits at the expense of more fundamental research. Nixon's war on cancer, for instance, would not have been possible without the vital groundwork laid by many molecular biologists who spent long, wearying hours in the lab unraveling the structure and workings of the DNA and RNA molecules. They did their work with no concern other than a desire to add to man's store of knowledge. To a large degree, the U.S. was able to muster the necessary technology to defeat the Nazis in World War II and, more recently, to beat the Russians to the moon because it was able to build on a vast foundation of basic research that had been done for decades in university and commercial labs. If this backlog is not replenished, the U.S. may be unable to meet some future scientific challenge.

One major trouble with the Administration's attitude is that it tends to ignore a harsh reality of modern science: the days are long past when a dedicated scientist like Michael Faraday or the young Thomas Edison, toiling alone or with a few associates in a simple lab, could hope to produce a fundamental breakthrough. Now most major discoveries require teams of highly trained researchers and such expensive equipment as electron microscopes, high-speed computers, atom smashers or radio telescopes. In other words, without Government funds, pure science is bound to wither.

There is no question that the President must save money. But by cutting back basic research in so many key areas, is he sacrificing some unexpected future achievement of untold economic or social importance—a discovery comparable, say, to the transistor or the polio vaccine? Many scientists are certain he is. Harvard's George Kistiakowsky, who was one of Eisenhower's science advisers, calls the Nixon policy, especially the reduction in fellowships, "incredibly shortsighted." By stressing short-term, politically motivated payoffs over the broader quest for knowledge, he warns, Nixon is dangerously "using up our intellectual capital."

Pioneer's Passage

On its way to a December rendezvous with Jupiter, the unmanned spacecraft *Pioneer 10* last week finished the 210-day leg of its journey that took it through the asteroid belt. *Pioneer*, which was launched in March 1972, thus became the first vehicle from earth to pass safely through the vast ring of rocky debris that circles the sun between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter. The relatively uneventful, 200 million-mile passage removed a major concern of both science-fiction writers and scientists: that spacecraft in the asteroid belt would be damaged and perhaps destroyed by flying rocks.

Scientists from NASA's Ames Research Center reported that the 570-lb., saucer-shaped ship was hit no more than once a day even in the most dense part of the belt, which consists mostly of tiny particles, rather than the chunky rocks that peril science-fiction space travelers. None of the impacts were made by fragments larger than a grain of sand, and none did any detectable damage to the thinly shielded \$50 million craft. By carefully planning *Pioneer's* trajectory, controllers kept the ship at least 4,000,000 miles from those larger (at least seven miles in diameter) and rarer asteroids that can be seen by telescope on earth. Said NASA's newly confident Dr. William Kinard: "We're firmly convinced that the asteroid belt presents little hazard for future spacecraft going to explore the outer planets."

Moon Dust

As Apollo 17 Astronaut Harrison Schmitt poked around a lunar crater last December, he suddenly shouted, "Hey, there is orange soil! It's all over!" Schmitt's excitement was shared by scientists back on earth. Because the soil looked remarkably fresh and the crater resembled volcanic vents on earth, they speculated that volcanic activity might well have occurred on the moon as recently as 200,000 or 300,000 years ago. That would have upset the widely held view that the moon has been largely dormant for more than 3 billion years. Said NASA Geochemist Robin Brett: "If the material is indeed so young, we may have witnessed one of the important finds in Apollo geology."

Last week the highly publicized orange soil produced some unexpected disappointment. Using "atomic clock" dating techniques, Dr. Oliver Schaeffer and his lunar-analysis team at the State University of New York at Stony Brook determined that the material was 3.71 billion years old, within the age range of other moon samples that have been brought back to earth. How could scientists have been so far off the mark in their first estimates? Conceding that it was all a "big surprise," Schaeffer theorized that the long-buried soil might have been dug up recently by a meteoroid impact, thus giving it a fresh look.



SCIENCE CHIEF STEVER
Two blocks isn't bad.

ministration is cutting 22% off the Environmental Protection Agency's research funds, chopping another \$400 million from NASA's budget, and reducing by \$42.8 million its support of the eight branches of the National Institutes of Health that are not involved in cancer or heart research. No less significant is drastic reduction in funding for fellowships to train young scientists.

Nixon's economizing is clearly a reflection of sharply changed attitudes toward science and technology; the public is no longer willing to accept an almost unlimited flow of tax dollars into such seemingly impractical schemes as a manned mission to Mars and the construction of giant new atom smashers. Instead, many Americans want scientists to turn their energies and ingenuity to the solution of pressing national problems—pollution, say, or the inadequacies of mass transit and the spread of drug addiction. Indeed, the same pressures have also come from some scientists themselves, especially the young

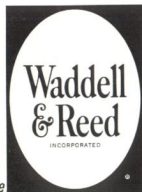
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CURRENCY TRADER'S OFFICE IN FRANKFURT AT HEIGHT OF CRISIS



AND STOCK EXCHANGE FLOOR IN TOKYO

THE ECONOMY

MONEY/COVER STORY

The Winners and Losers from Devaluation

ONCE upon a very recent time, only a banana republic would devalue its money twice within 14 months. But last week, when the U.S. did just that by cutting the value of the once almighty dollar another 10%, the step proved to be both internationally popular and politically easy. In contrast with the four months of testy negotiations that were required to swing the 1971 devaluation, only five days of whirlwind conferences were needed to bring about last week's large and surprising reduction—which made a total slash of 17.9% since December 1971. Foreign money men agreed with the U.S. view that cutting the dollar once more was the best way to end what had become a new and virulent world monetary crisis. When the deed had been accomplished, Treasury Secretary George Shultz proclaimed it almost with pride, saying: "There can be no doubt we have achieved a major improvement in the competitive position of American business."

The matter is infinitely more complex, of course, and devaluation will have many momentous effects, both pleasant and painful. Inside the U.S., it should create jobs in businesses that produce goods for export, by making their products cheaper for foreigners to buy. But devaluation will also aggravate American inflation—how badly no one can yet tell—by pushing up the prices of imports. In addition, American travelers will have to spend more on foreign trips; for example, the price of a single room in Tokyo's Hotel Okura last week was \$27.75, v. \$24 the week before and \$22 in late 1971.

By itself, last week's devaluation will not end the persistent tendency of

Americans to spend abroad more than they earn. After the 1971 cheapening of the dollar, the U.S. trade deficit more than doubled, to \$6.8 billion last year, because devaluation did not lift exports as much as had been expected and the nation's surging economy attracted more and costlier imports. To prevent a repeat, the U.S. is demanding that Japan and the European Common Market nations buy more and sell less in America. President Nixon is making protectionist mercantilist threats about what he may do if they balk.

Acrobats. The dual devaluation of the dollar has hastened the creation of a turbulent new world of money in which the once rigidly fixed values of some currencies are bouncing up and down like acrobats on a trampoline. Since late 1971, for instance, the British pound has risen from \$2.49 to \$2.64, sunk to an all-time low of \$2.32, and last week closed at \$2.44. Five important currencies—the pound, Japanese yen, Canadian dollar, Swiss franc and Italian lira—are "floating" with no fixed exchange rate at all. They sell at prices set mostly by supply and demand. That arrangement creates new uncertainty for importers, exporters, investors and tourists, who never know exactly how many dollars will be needed to buy any of these currencies tomorrow.

For all the problems and confusion surrounding it, the second dollar devaluation seems to have been inevitable. The credit for recognizing that fact and meeting it head-on belongs largely to George Pratt Shultz, the mild-mannered but steely-minded professor (see box next page) who plays as dominant a role in the economic policy of the second Nixon Administration as Henry

Kissinger does in its diplomatic policy.

Nixon appointed Shultz Treasury Secretary last May and in December made him his economic coordinator, the man to whom all other Administration economic policymakers report. Shultz shaped much of the thinking behind Nixon's hold-the-line budget for fiscal 1974, which aims to reduce the deficit, strengthen the dollar and head off tax increases by cutting or eliminating many spending programs. His power was fully evident last week, when he ducked out of Alice Roosevelt Longworth's 89th birthday party to announce the devaluation at a hastily assembled 10:30 p.m. press conference. The conference was attended by a pride of Government lions: Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, Secretary of State William Rogers, Presidential Assistant Peter Flanigan and Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Herbert Stein. They sat around like so many movie extras and let Shultz do all the talking. Even the President had nothing directly to say about the devaluation—perhaps wisely. Nixon had hailed the 1971 Smithsonian agreement, which provided for the first dollar devaluation, as "the most significant monetary agreement in the history of the world." He could hardly have followed up by calling last week's move the most significant monetary agreement in the past 14 months.

In part, Shultz was scrambling to recover one of his own fumbles. Last month he helped mightily to sell Nixon on loosening U.S. wage-price controls, and stressed the shift to voluntary cooperation so enthusiastically as to prompt some inaccurate headlines declaring NIXON SCRAPS CONTROLS. That caused some foreigners to fear a new

Another Professor with Power

CONCLUDING a speech on economic policy at a VIP-stacked Manhattan dinner three years ago, George Shultz startled the audience by abruptly breaking into song. To the lively tune of *Silver Dollar*, the then director of the Office of Management and Budget belted forth in full voice:

*A fact without a theory
Is like a ship without a sail,
Is like a boat without a rudder,
Is like a kite without a tail.
A fact without a figure
Is a tragic final act,
But one thing worse
In this universe
Is a theory without a fact.*

Shultz is seldom short on either fact or theory, although the soft-spoken, smooth-faced economist seldom expresses his ideas in song. His quick grasp of facts and theories, his skill in persuading the federal bureaucracy to act on them—plus an ironclad loyalty to the President—are the qualities that have prompted Richard Nixon to keep investing his Treasury Secretary with added clout. By now Shultz has become one of the two or three most powerful men in Washington.

Working a twelve-hour day from a West Wing White House office as well as in his quarters in the Treasury, Shultz has taken over as trusted second in command (after Nixon) in an enormous range of Government functions, some of them only indirectly economic. Increasingly, when Nixon is called upon to make a final decision on policies affecting agriculture, labor, transportation or industry in general, he is listen-

ing to—sometimes leaning forward to hear—the quiet, unruffled voice of Shultz setting forth the choices. "He's Mr. Clean," says a longtime associate. "When the President asks him a question, George gives an answer on an honest and open philosophical base."

His most compelling job last week clearly was to handle the devaluation. Another stunning example of just how far Shultz's answers can lead the Administration was the President's new farm program. Largely on the recommendation of his economic chief, Nixon proposed that Congress gradually abolish the federal subsidy program, which the nation's farmers have relied upon for income since the Depression (see *TIME* ESSAY, page 22). Shultz has long argued that the old farm policy, which has cost federal taxpayers many billions over the past 40 years, is drastically outdated and keeps food prices higher than they would be in a free market.

At times, Shultz has given some bad advice. As the first director of the Office of Management and Budget, he held to a steady-as-she-goes insistence that the economy in 1971 would turn up strongly without more Government stimulation. He made a celebrated prediction that the gross national product in 1971 would reach \$1,065 billion; it turned out to be some \$15 billion less, a huge error. "The most dramatic mistake I was involved in," he admits, "was in judging that the economy in 1971 would expand more rapidly than it did."

Even so, Nixon grew

increasingly impressed with Shultz's basic philosophies and his abilities as an administrator and negotiator. An economist largely influenced by the monetarist school, which holds that the Government should try to affect the nation's economic well-being by regulating the supply of money and letting free markets do the rest, Shultz sees eye to eye with the President on almost every major issue. Says a colleague: "He is in tune with the President because, like him, George is an honest-to-God conservative." Indeed, Nixon reportedly chided Shultz at one point for being a bit too dogmatic in the face of political necessity. The complaint was quickly taken to heart after the switch to wage-price controls in 1971—a move that Shultz bitterly opposed until Nixon adopted them, but which he then did his best to support. Said Shultz of his friend Chicago's Milton Friedman, the supreme monetarist who denounced controls as a drag on the free market: "I may be a Friedmanite, but I'm not a Friedmaniac."

In Washington, Shultz has become generally less rigid and more pragmatic in his views. Another reason that he gets on well in Nixon's Administration is that he has no further political ambitions. As he has often said: "I don't want to be a politician. Basically, I regard myself as a professional person." But, he adds: "I have more respect for politicians after four years in Washington. They have an instinct for what's troubling people and why."

Shultz, now 52, was raised in the



SHULTZ WITH MEANY



AT HOME WITH PET COLLIE



GREETING ALEXANDER HAMILTON AT TREASURY

comfortable commuter town of Englewood, N.J., the son of a teacher who, with Historian Charles Beard, co-authored a book on the Progressive movement. After graduating *cum laude* from Princeton, Shultz was a Marine in the Pacific during World War II, rising to the rank of major. He entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology, earned a doctorate in industrial economics and settled in for a teaching career. At 36, he got a full professorship at the University of Chicago's graduate business school, where he also gained experience as a labor mediator. He was dean of the school when, with help from Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns, he got Nixon's offer to come to Washington as Labor Secretary. A patient, honest negotiator, he remains the Administration's only emissary who is really trusted by AFL-CIO President George Meany. Busy as he was with devaluation matters, Shultz still took the time to jet to Florida last week with Secretary of State William Rogers to explain the move personally to Meany. A staunch advocate of racial equality, Shultz helped sell the "Philadelphia plan," which guaranteed minority groups a set share of new jobs, to construction unions when the plan was still in favor at the White House. He has also quietly handled some delicate chores concerning busing in the South.

With his wife "Obie" (a nickname derived from her maiden name, O'Brien), Shultz lives quietly in a modest brick home in Arlington, Va. Except on mornings when he breakfasts at the White House, the Shultzes have their first meal of the day together in bed. They have five children, one collie and at least one generation gap. During antiwar demonstrations in 1970, guests at the Shultz home were startled to discover a GET OUT OF VIET NAM NOW sign in the hallway. Shultz had pointedly let his daughter Kathleen, who had joined the protesters, make her point by not removing it from sight. To relax, Shultz plays tennis and golf; one of his frequent fairway partners is Meany.

Shultz's ascension to the Nixonian mountaintop may well turn out to be less peaceful than he would like. The economics professor has drawn ominous rumblings of displeasure from the farm bloc in Congress, and Nixon is counting on him to deal forcefully with other interest groups on potentially explosive labor and trade matters.

Loyalist Shultz is not ready to shy away from any gathering storms. Recently, a group of Princeton alumni approached him with a discreet feeler about the possibility of his taking over the presidency of his alma mater. Shultz was flattered, but he firmly let it be known that, out of his sense of extreme loyalty to Nixon, he would not even consider abandoning Treasury for the leadership of Princeton.

burst of dollar-weakening U.S. inflation. The fear was rather illogical because the U.S. inflation rate of a bit more than 3% is the lowest among all industrial nations, and the launching of Phase III led economists to add only a fraction of a percentage point to their forecasts of this year's pace of price increases. Shultz says that misunderstandings about the new program "could have been a factor, but not a major one" in igniting the latest money crisis.

Another factor was that Arthur Burns has been jawboning bankers to hold down interest rates. That helps keep the American economy expanding, but also keeps money pouring out of the U.S. to countries where interest returns are higher. Further, the announcement of last year's staggering \$6.8 billion trade deficit confirmed foreign money men in the belief that the dollar was still overvalued. The root cause of dollar weakness is that ever since the early 1950s the U.S. has been living beyond its means in the world. Consumers, businessmen, tourists and the Government have been spending tens of billions every year to build factories in Europe, buy Japanese cars and cameras, bark in the Riviera sunshine, dispense foreign aid, station troops round the globe and wage the costly war in Viet Nam.

The spending has sent a huge amount of vagabond greenbacks roaming round the world; nobody is certain of the total, but estimates range from \$60 billion to \$80 billion. An excess of dollars, like an excess of bacon, drives down the price. The more so in this case as many of the people who hold the dollars have lost faith in their value. The dollar holders note that a long series of U.S. moves—taxes on purchases of foreign securities, for example, and controls on bank lending abroad—have failed to put America's international payments back into balance.

Whenever foreign dollar holders get especially nervous, they can force a crisis by shifting their money into some other currency—usually the Japanese yen or German mark—that they think is strong. If the currency rises in value, they can profit by turning their yen or marks back into more dollars than they had before. In financial demagoguery, they become evil "money speculators" who are attacking the dollar. Some of these speculators are investors who will put their money wherever they get the highest interest rates. They may sell American bonds, buy marks with the dollars that they get, and purchase German bonds with the marks. Some are the chiefs of the increasingly rich and powerful Middle Eastern oil countries. The most potent are the financial officers of multinational corporations, who do not want to tell stockholders that they lost millions by holding onto

THE DOLLAR'S DECLINING VALUE

Amount of other currencies that one U.S. dollar could buy

	Nov. 1971	Dec. 1971	Feb. 16 '73
Australian Dollar	.89	.82	.71
Austrian Schilling	24.8	23.3	21.0
Belgian Franc	50	44.8	40.3
Brazilian Cruzeiro	5.6	5.6	6.0
British Pound*	.42	.38	.41
Canadian Dollar*	1.00	1.00	1.00
Danish Krone	7.5	7.0	6.3
Dutch Guilder	3.6	3.2	2.9
French Franc	5.6	5.1	4.6
Italian Lira*	625	582	572
Israeli Pound	4.2	4.2	4.2
Japanese Yen*	360	308	264
Luxembourgian Franc	50	44.8	40.3
Norwegian Krone	7.1	6.6	6.0
Russian Ruble	.83	.83	.75
Swedish Krona	5.2	4.8	4.6
Swiss Franc*	3.9	3.8	3.4
West German Mark	3.7	3.2	2.9

*Floating currencies

Par values, central or official rates shown where available

dollars that fell in value. Volkswagenwerk is said to have saved as much as \$60 million by switching some \$500 million from dollars into marks in the summer before the Smithsonian agreement. Businessmen can accomplish much "speculation" by the usually praiseworthy expedient of paying their bills promptly and in full. A U.S. executive buying Japanese structural steel may enclose a check with his order rather than wait until the steel is delivered and the dollar's value may have fallen.

When the speculators move en masse, they create a situation in which all of a sudden everyone wants to sell dollars on the foreign exchange markets. In this manner, some \$6 billion flooded into Germany and \$1.6 billion into Japan in little more than a week just prior to the devaluation. The government banks in those countries had to buy up the dollars because no one else would purchase them at anything close to their official price. By early last week, it was obvious that something had to give. Even the government banks did not have the resources to keep buying indefinitely at that pace.

In past crises, U.S. officials have tirelessly argued that foreign governments were at fault for keeping the values of their currencies unrealistically low in order to spur exports. This time, though, Nixon had already been contemplating a second dollar devaluation in order to strengthen the U.S. trade and payments balances; even in early January, German officials were picking up hints to that effect. When the flood of dollar-selling burst in Frankfurt and Tokyo, Nixon, Shultz and top White House

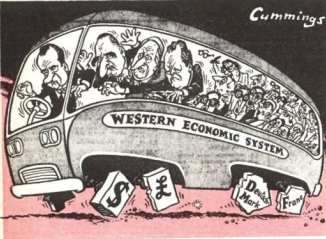
THE ECONOMY



"This ought to bring the swelling down a bit."



DAILY EXPRESS, LONDON



"If only someone would invent the wheel..."

aides realized that it would be simpler to devalue the dollar rather than try to work out a package of changes in other currencies. A float or upward revaluation of the mark, for instance, would have raised its price not only in dollars but also in francs, pounds and Dutch guilders, playing havoc with the Common Market's plan for monetary union. Also, if the U.S. did not devalue, there was a danger that foreign countries would have put up still more capital controls to keep out unwanted dollars. Germany, for instance, has placed strict controls on bank deposits by foreigners, borrowing abroad by Germans, and new investments in Germany by foreign companies.

To arrange the devaluation, the White House dispatched to Japan and Europe a most conspicuous secret agent: Treasury Under Secretary Paul Volcker, whose gangling figure (6 ft. 7 in.) caused him to be spotted on a street in Bonn when he was supposed to be at his desk in Washington. Though Volcker blew his cover, he accomplished his mission. He ascertained that the most important foreign governments would accept a U.S. devaluation, even though it would make American goods more competitive against their own products, and would not try to cancel the effect by devaluing their own currencies. He told this to Shultz by transoceanic telephone. One night call could be completed only after a secretary had been whisked from her home in Arlington, Va., to Washington by Government limousine to get Shultz's green scrambler telephone out of a safe in his office; she alone remembered the combination. By last Monday, Shultz was able to tell Nixon that the way was clear for devaluation.

For all the battering it has taken, the dollar is still the yardstick against which the values of all other currencies are measured, and a change in its price forces every other government to decide what to do with its own money. By week's end not all those decisions had been made, but this was the situation concerning the dollar's price:

► The dollar dropped 10% against other currencies that did not change their own official price—a powerful group that included the German mark, French franc, Dutch guilder and Soviet ruble.*

► It dropped more

*Figured another way, the price of these currencies in dollars has risen a little more than 11.1%. By a peculiarity of mathematics, a German, for example, will have to pay 10% fewer marks to buy a given number of dollars, but an American will have to shell out 11.1% more dollars to buy a given number of marks. The reason: before devaluation, the mark's exchange rate was 3.2225 to the dollar, and it is now 2.9003; 2.9003 is 10% less than 3.2225, but 3.2225 is 11.1% or so more than 2.9003.

than 10% against the Swiss franc and the yen. The Japanese government let the yen float, and late last week its price relative to the dollar had risen nearly 17%—10% because of the devaluation, another 7% because of the float. The yen is now worth 34% more in dollars than before the Smithsonian agreement of 1971. The Swiss franc has floated up 12% in dollars from its last official rate.

► The dollar dropped less than 10% against some currencies that were also devalued last week but by lower amounts than the greenback. Brazil, in a rare show of Latin independence, made a devaluation that leaves the cruzeiro worth 3% more in dollars than at the start of last week. The Italian lira floated down but was worth about 2% more in dollars than before.

► The dollar's price did not change at all against a long list of currencies that were also devalued by 10%. Generally, these were the moneys of nations that are greatly dependent on the U.S. for trade, aid, investment or tourism. Among them: the Mexican peso, Israeli pound, South Korean won and Greek drachma.

The clearest immediate winners in this complex of changes are the speculators, who made an estimated \$350 million to \$400 million in ten days on their purchases of marks alone. The Soviets will also get an estimated \$100 million windfall on their grain deal with the U.S. They have about \$1 billion in grain orders in the works, and they will now have to pay out less hard currency to buy the dollars that they need to purchase the wheat, corn and soybeans. West Germany won in a way: it avoided an increase in the price of the mark against European currencies. But the Germans paid a heavy price: in order to avoid floating the mark, the Bundesbank had to buy \$6 billion of unwanted dollars, which will swell German inflation by expanding the country's money supply. The clearest losers are Japanese exporters, whose goods will become more expensive not only in the U.S. but in every other country as well. Japan, however, will pay less for its vital imports of food and raw materials.

Temptation. Was the U.S. a winner or a loser? Probably a winner, but how big a winner can be answered only as events unfold. For most Americans, the immediate impact of devaluation will be an increase in the prices of foreign goods. Though imports account for only 6.8% of U.S. consumption, foreign raw materials and parts go into countless finished products, and the rise in import costs will put upward pressure on countless prices. U.S. aluminum, for example, is made almost entirely from bauxite imported from Jamaica and Surinam; many coats and suits are tailored from Australian wool; and foreign steel goes into many new American buildings.

This week Volkswagen is expected to boost the price of the basic beetle

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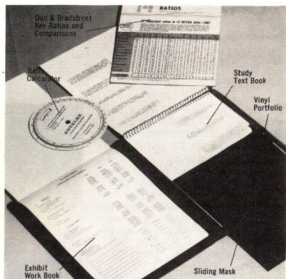
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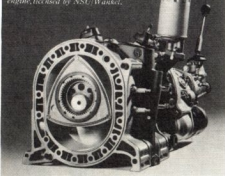
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Basic elements of a Mazda Rotary engine, licensed by NSF's Wankel.



THE ECONOMY

from \$2,059 to more than \$2,200. Swiss watches are likely to go up 12% to 25%. Wholesale coffee prices jumped 2½¢ per lb. last week, and will rise still higher. South African diamonds will go up 10% or more, meaning that lovers who proposed successfully on Valentine's Day can count on digging deeper into their pockets to buy the ring. The price of Château Bouscaut 1966, a Bordeaux wine, is expected to rise from \$5.49 to \$6.29, as are the prices of most European wines. Sam Aaron, president of Sherry-Lehmann, Manhattan's biggest wine dealer, predicts that "there will be a dramatic swing from the much higher-priced French wines to the better wines of California—and that state will not be able to keep up with the demand. One result will be constant increases in the price of California wines."

Much more serious, devaluation may speed the rise in U.S. food prices by shifting more of the output of American farms into export markets, leaving an inadequate supply to satisfy growing domestic demand. Says David W. Brooks, chairman of Gold Kist, a farm cooperative in Atlanta: "American farmers exported nearly \$10 billion in 1972, and the total may go to \$11 billion or \$12 billion this year."

Some American manufacturers who have been holding down prices to avoid being undersold by imports may be tempted to mark up their goods if the prices of competing imports rise. Under Phase III guidelines, such increases are not permitted, but they are difficult to spot because U.S. manufacturers no longer have to get advance approval for price hikes.

The brighter side of devaluation is that it is likely to lead to more American jobs. Detroit analysts figure that

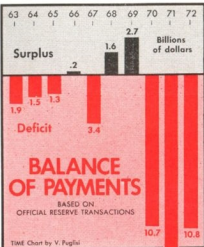
higher prices should hold sales of foreign cars in the U.S. to 1.6 million this year; had there been no devaluation, the figure would have been 1.7 million. Price increases will also accelerate a decline already under way in steel imports: Derrick L. Brewster, vice president of Chicago's Inland Steel, forecasts that steel imports will fall 20% this year, to about 14 million tons. Result: about 100,000 cars bought by Americans this year will be assembled by workers in Los Angeles or Flint, Mich., rather than in Wolfsburg or Yokohama, and the steel going into those cars will be rolled at mills in Gary, Ind., or Braddock, Pa., instead of Aachen or Kitakyushu.

In classic theory, devaluations should ultimately bring American payments back into balance. But does classic theory really hold any more? All the optimistic predictions being made now, and more, were made for the 1971 devaluation, and they proved to be false.

A major reason is that both U.S. imports and U.S. exports are largely "price-inelastic," meaning that prices have little to do with whether or not they are bought. Among imports, oil is the standout case. The energy shortage is forcing the U.S. to buy more foreign fuel, whatever the cost. Under an agreement between 16 Western oil companies and six Persian Gulf nations, prices are automatically raised to compensate for any significant changes in dollar values. Because of devaluation, the companies, beginning April 1, will pay \$730 million more a year in taxes and royalties for Middle Eastern crude. The increase will force price boosts on both heating oil and gasoline for American consumers. Because oil supplies are tight worldwide, the companies' alternative is not to turn to other sources, but to let some households shiver.

Discrimination. Many U.S. exports—jet planes, computers, machine tools—are high-technology, high-priced items. A foreign manufacturer who needs five computers will buy that many, but he will not increase his order to six no matter how low the price drops. Beyond that, big U.S. manufacturers decided long ago to serve foreign markets by building plants overseas rather than by exporting. The multinational corporations will profit from devaluation. Their foreign earnings will be worth many more dollars than they would have been in 1972. But only the money sent back to the U.S. in dividends will help the balance of payments.

Paradoxically, the short-term effect of devaluation will be to worsen the American trade deficit: more dollars will have to be paid for imports already on order. After that initial impact is past, however, there are reasons to expect that the present devaluation will be more successful than the last. After the first devaluation, quite a few foreign producers were so eager to keep their share of the rich U.S. market that they did not raise their American prices



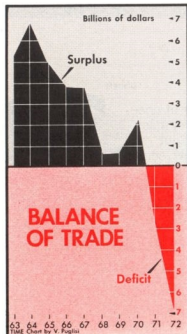
but instead reduced profit margins. Now they do not have much profit left to bite into, and they will have to hike prices. Similarly, some American exports that did not experience an increase in sales after one price reduction may do better after two. Demand for such U.S. exports as coal and farm products is sensitive to prices. Otto Eckstein, a member of TIME's Board of Economists, forecasts on the basis of computer analysis that the U.S. trade balance will move gradually to a surplus of \$2 billion in 1975.

Nixon and his aides argue that devaluation alone will not cure the U.S. payments problem. They contend that American products are blocked out of many foreign markets by discriminatory trade practices. Says Shultz: "Without changes on trade, you can change exchange rates until hell freezes over, and you won't get a thing."

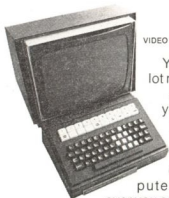
Shultz announced that the Administration will soon introduce a "comprehensive" trade bill that would renew the President's traditional authority to lower U.S. tariffs in return for foreign trade concessions. The bill would also arm Nixon with a dangerous new power to raise tariffs on the goods of countries that deny what Shultz calls "fair access" to American merchandise. Indeed, says Shultz, the bill would permit the President to impose higher tariffs or quotas—or both—on any foreign products that inundate specific U.S. markets.

Nixon gave a notably bellicose ring to these proposals. He had no intention, he said, of just negotiating another round of world tariff cuts. "We have gone into too many negotiations abroad in which all we have done is to negotiate down whereas others have negotiated up," the President said. With Orwellian logic, he added: "In order to get a policy of free trade, we must always have in the background protection."

Bluster aside, Nixon has a point: the



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THE ECONOMY

U.S. does face discriminatory trade practices abroad. Tariffs are not the most serious problem; on finished goods, they average 8.5% in Japan and 8% in the Common Market v. 8.4% in the U.S. But the Common Market lavishes on its farmers subsidies that are generous even by U.S. standards, encouraging them to grow food that could be imported more cheaply from the U.S. Beyond that, it maintains a system of variable import taxes that can be adjusted upward to keep the price of American foodstuffs as high as they were before dollar devaluation.

Apprehensive. Japan has been moving to dismantle its once awesome array of protectionist devices, but it still maintains quotas on computers, integrated circuits, leather goods and 24 categories of farm products. Tokyo government officials calculate that the agricultural quotas keep out \$460 million worth of potential imports a year. Japanese exporters also get special aid—including low-cost loans and government-paid surveys of foreign markets—that American businessmen consider grossly unfair.

To many foreign officials, however, the new U.S. line on trade sounds like a nationalistic economic offensive. They are especially apprehensive about another move announced by Shultz: phasing out by the end of 1974 of three controls that the U.S. maintains on the movement of U.S. capital abroad. These are the 11½% tax on Americans' purchases of foreign securities, restrictions on U.S. bank loans to foreigners, and limits on the number of dollars that American companies can send out of the U.S. to build factories overseas. Dropping these controls is a laudable, if somewhat risky step toward greater freedom for the international movement of money. But in the view of some European government officials, the combination of devaluation, tough talk on trade and removal of capital controls suggests that the U.S. aims to build a huge trade surplus that would give American businessmen more money to buy up foreign factories.

Wild as that idea may sound, it is a fair reflection of the heated emotions stirred by trade disputes, which bring up issues of politics, social priorities and national pride. Common Market officials, for example, think that their protectionist agricultural policy is necessary to avoid social disaster; European farmers must be subsidized heavily, they contend, to keep them from leaving the land and jamming into cities. The officials will be extremely reluctant to change that policy for the sake of raising the sales of American farmers.

In dealing with Japan, the

U.S. aims at nothing less than a shift in that country's whole economic direction, from overwhelming stress on exports to emphasis on much-needed internal development. Many Japanese would like to see more of their country's resources devoted to building schools, roads and houses rather than to grinding out goods for export, but the conversion will be long and difficult. Meanwhile Japanese government officials and businessmen bitterly resent U.S. criticism of their huge trade surpluses, which they see as the reward for the high productivity and skilled salesmanship that American competitors often lack. Some go so far as to imply that the criticisms are tinged with racism. Trade negotiations consequently will at best be protracted, prickly, and haunted by a constant danger that they will lead not to more freedom for world commerce but to a new outburst of protectionism.

Fortunately, tempers are cooler on the equally important issue of crafting a new world monetary system. Shultz reports that in the wake of the latest financial crisis, foreign moneymen are showing more interest than ever before in lasting monetary reform. They had better; the world right now lacks any coherent monetary system. The old system of fixed values tied to a dollar that in turn was tied to a supposedly "immutable" price in gold was destroyed by the 1971 dollar devaluation. Since then, devaluations, revaluations and floats have been coming with dizzying rapidity. The new flexibility is by no means bad. It enables currency values to change so that they reflect more accurately the international competitive

strength of each country. But the world sorely needs some agreed-upon rules for making the changes, so that they will not always be forced by a series of wrenching crises.

Shultz seized the initiative last fall and proposed a detailed plan for a new system. Its main feature: currency changes would be keyed to shifts in the size of the monetary reserves that each nation accumulates in its dealings with the rest of the world. Countries that either persistently lose reserves through excessive spending, like the U.S., or pile up reserves through excessive trade surpluses, like Japan, would be obliged by international agreement to bring their accounts closer to balance. Nations could change their trade practices or could make small devaluations or revaluations as a more or less routine procedure. Shultz also contemplates a lesser role in global finance for the dollar. It would be gradually replaced by Special Drawing Rights ("paper gold") as the major currency that nations use to settle debts among themselves. This would enable the International Monetary Fund, which issues SDRs, to use them to buy up the billions of loose dollars that now slosh disruptively from country to country.

Complaining. The Shultz plan is being discussed by the finance ministers of a committee of 20 nations. In March, the ministers will gather in Washington for the next in a series of meetings that are supposed to produce an outline that could be approved at the IMF meeting in September. But Shultz, in announcing the devaluation, made a point of complaining that the negotiations are going too slowly. Last week he hinted that if agreement is long delayed, the U.S. will act to balance its international payments on its own, presumably by protectionist restrictions on imports or even further devaluations.

Finance ministers of other nations should heed the warning—and the U.S. should temper its emerging nationalist line. It is possible to foresee the second dollar devaluation leading to a strengthening of the U.S. economy, a tearing down of barriers to trade and investment around the globe, and a newly sensible monetary system in which currency values shift frequently but moderately and with little fuss. It is equally possible to envision a world of continuing U.S. deficits, protectionist fences around national economies, and monetary chaos that would strangle the international movements of money, people and goods. Money markets move so swiftly nowadays that the governments of the world's rich nations must act quickly to bring the first vision into being—or risk suffering the second by default.

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Mothers and Masochists

DOWN AMONG THE WOMEN

by FAY WELDON
216 pages. St. Martin's Press. \$6.50.

As Lit. 73 lecturers like Tom Wolfe keep saying, any number of mod subjects are better served by the New Journalism than by that creaky old party, the novel. But the condition of women does not happen to be one of them.

Even readers who agree with the parajournalists of Women's Liberation are often embarrassed to find their positions taken with so much self-pity and self-righteousness, with such bloated excesses of tractarian rhetoric. In stark contrast stand the lean, sharp novels of British writers like Edna O'Brien and Margaret Drabble, and American fictionists like Joan Didion.

To those names must now be added (on the British roll call) Fay Weldon, novelist, playwright, and not incidentally mother of three. In her brief, brilliant, occasionally comic second novel she has squeezed two decades and three generations of Englishwomen into a corner far too tight for good manners.

Feminist. The oldest generation is brassily represented by Wanda—44 when the narrative begins in 1950. She is "a large, heavy-boned, unpretty woman with a weathered skin, and eyes too deep and close together for their owner to be taken as anything other than troublesome." A 1930s-style feminist—and ex-Communist who left her artist-husband when he began to go commercial—Wanda virtuously teaches her daughter the credo of what used to be quaintly called "free love."

Scarlet serves Mother Wanda right by disobeying with stubborn chastity, then becoming pregnant the night she loses her virginity. With her friends, she constitutes a kind of neither-nor generation. Rebellious against their parents, rebellious against their children, they are rebellious, above all, against the men they off-and-on love, and yet they still seem unable to organize their lives without them. Weldon men are talkers rather than doers. The aesthetes end up in ad agencies, the back-to-nature idealists wind up turning a profit on battery-stimulated hens. Seldom, if ever, do they make decent lovers.

"Men!" Wanda cries, and "the force of the expletive shatters even her." But men, finally, are not the enemy. Mrs. Weldon can even pity them. "Man seems not so much wicked as frail," she writes, "unable to face pain, trouble and growing old." What she cannot forgive is nature. "A good woman," she concludes with supreme bitterness, "knows that nature is her enemy. Look at what it does to her." *Down Among the Women* is a passionate diatribe against the cruel specialities of female mortality,



FAY WELDON
Nature is the enemy.

against a "terrible world, where chaos is the norm, life a casual exception to death"—and the listing goes on—"where the body is something mysterious in its workings, which swells, bleeds, and bursts at random."

For girls—some of them middle-aged—who have not lived in this messy world, the book offers only irony and scorn, the scorn of the combat veteran for the rear-echelon soldier. Yet Author Weldon feels a kind of terror in the presence of the scarcely helpless woman of the future, as projected by Scarlet's daughter Byzantia. Condescending to her mother's generation, Byzantia sees men as the symptom "of a fearful disease from which you all suffered." With Byzantia, "nothing is hidden, nothing is feared." Everything is discussed—that is, "rendered harmless"—and then "simply forgotten."

Cool, cool Byzantia, Mrs. Weldon decides, "is a destroyer" in a generation created to destroy forever a certain sort of female image. A bit melodramatic, even sci-fi, perhaps. Yet beside Fay Weldon, all the Germaine Greers, all the Kate Milletts, all the non-fictionists of Women's Liberation pale into abstract theory. ■ ■ ■

"I get rid of all my unpleasantness—my vision of reality, that is—in my writing. That lets me live in the myth of a cozy and pleasant everyday existence."

As she says that, Fay Weldon's smile couldn't be pleasanter. A tall, tousled blonde with ample, maternal proportions, she seems the picture, if not the caricature, of a busy 41-year-old wife. Her children are aged 18, nine and two,

and she is immersed in the chores and joys of middle-class domesticity.

The Weldon manner, however, is basically deceptive and only partly because Housewife Weldon is also a novelist and a well-known TV writer. The author, for example, has supreme literary confidence. Not a whit daunted by the inevitable comparison between her novel and Mary McCarthy's *The Group*, she believes *Down Among the Women* is superior. "Mary McCarthy's girl problems seem to be unrelated to the boring problems of ordinary women," she says. "What I write seems to be the common experience, rooted in children-washing-shopping-cancer-death and all the rest of the messy things women are caught up in. I like women, and I am aware of their wasted potential." Her aim is to help recondition women so that they no longer "believe that if they don't get married it's a dreadful moral sin."

Chauvinist. For years Fay Weldon was anything but confident. She is a doctor's daughter who was brought up in New Zealand. After her parents' divorce, her mother brought her back to England and a period of "hardship and deprivation." She won a scholarship to St. Andrews University, where, oddly enough, she read economics while failing English exams, graduating to a job in advertising and eventual psychoanalysis. "Scarlet is a portrait of me when I was younger," she readily confesses, "a mess—oh yes, totally and completely. I messed up my life hopelessly until I met my husband." He is a London antique dealer named Ronald Weldon, whom she happily describes as a male chauvinist. "I'm very devoted to him, and I couldn't actually live with any other kind," she explains. "I'm a masochist that way."

She tries to get through the domestic chores by midmorning, and then turns to the typewriter, only to combat phone calls and visits (frequently from "runaway wives and their troubled husbands"). Though *Down Among the Women* has had considerable critical success in England, Fay Weldon cannot see herself becoming writer-activist of the Women's Liberation movement. She does refuse to wear a wedding ring, regarding it as a symbolic insult to other women, but she does not subscribe to all the secondary rituals of Women's Lib. For one thing, she thoroughly enjoys being called "Mrs."

Imperfect Bite

THE TOOTH MERCHANT

by C.L. SULZBERGER
275 pages. Quadrangle. \$7.95.

Since World War II, New York Times Columnist C.L. Sulzberger has been prowling Europe's corridors of power, acquiring a broad acquaintance with Poo-Bahs, potentates, foreign ministers and heads of state. Presented in daily print, the fruits of his labors have



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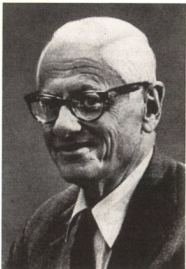
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BOOKS

customarily shown more care than flare,
and a neutral observer might have as-
sumed that if Sulzberger ever got round
to a novel, it would be one of those pon-
derous constructions that bore the read-
er while portentously trading on the au-
thor's expertise.

Not so. In *The Tooth Merchant*,
Sulzberger's knowledge is very much in
evidence, but so is a distinct sense of
humor. He presents a slippery, multi-
lingual Armenian named Kevork Sasou-
nian, who discovers the original
dragon's teeth (sacksful of them), which
have been lying in a cave in Asia Mi-
nor since Cadmus' and Jason's time.
What to do? Why, sell them as poten-
tial shock troops to the highest bidder
in the cold war world of the 1950s.

Salts trips follow, with Sasounian
sowing sample teeth and producing an-
gry instant hoplites, to the delight or dis-
may of the likes of Stalin and Beria,



C.L. SULZBERGER
Hoplites on the lawn.

Ben-Gurion, Nasser, SHAPE Command-
er General Alfred Gruenther in Paris,
and Dwight David Eisenhower, who
watches the demonstration on a quiet
corner of the White House lawn.

Exactly who buys the dragon's teeth
or not, and why, should stay secret. It
is fair to say, though, that Sulzberger of-
fers a fine, new explanation for the mo-
ment and method of Joseph Stalin's de-
mise. Another of his best moments is a
debate between General Gruenther (a
Catholic) and Sasounian about whether
or not it would be murder to dump the
dragon's teeth into the depths of the
North Atlantic.

The author keeps these trips light
and fantastic, poking fun at internation-
al spy novels as he goes, writing him-
self into the text (Sasounian gives C.L.
Sulzberger \$4,000 to try to smuggle his
mistress from Istanbul to Paris), and
sowing the story with enough hard
words to keep most readers within busy
reach of a good dictionary. (Samples:

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He wouldn't think of brushing with anything else.



Colgate with MFP...the breath-freshening cavity fighter.

BOOKS

congener, metopic, eristic, flocculent, saporous.) Sulzberger's congeners will be pleased to find that *The Tooth Merchant*, though occasionally eristic, never stoops to flocculence. ■ Timothy Faote

Clickety-Clack

THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE

by JOHN GODEY

316 pages. Putnam. \$6.95.

Glamorous trains are disappearing fast, in fact as well as fantasy. About the only vehicle left for adventure on rails is the big-city subway. It can rattle along divertingly enough, as in the famous chase sequence in the movie *The French Connection*. But as used in a novel like *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three*, the subway car as dramatic conveyance produces the sinking, shrinking feeling of a subgenre in decline. Once we roared across frontiers on the Orient Express; now we lurch along on a Lexington Avenue local.

"Pelham one two three" is New York City subway jargon for the train that sets out from the Pelham Bay Park terminal in The Bronx at 1:23 p.m. In John Godey's "What if..." exercise, the front car of such a train is hijacked by four highly organized, submachine-gunning terrorists. They hold the motor-man and 16 passengers hostage while their leader negotiates with the city government for a \$1,000,000 ransom. The hostages do not panic; after all, they represent that well-rounded social group—a call girl, a wise old man, a black militant, a housewife and her children—that has survived so many capsize ships, stalled elevators and jetliners piloted by Dean Martin. They seem to realize, as the reader surely does, that eventually order will be restored in a shower of bullets, heroics and heavy ironies.

Heaven and the Metropolitan Transportation Authority know that Godey's plot is not far removed from the reality of the contemporary urban nightmare. But Godey tries to whip up extra credibility by introducing each new twist in the drama with a flourish of fact-filled three-by-five cards. Want to know how many miles of track there are in the New York subway system? Where Alfred Ely Beach's 1867 private subway tunnel is? What it means to "jump a block"? Maybe not, but Godey is going to tell you. He cannot even write a scene about the mayor of New York without giving a history of Grace Mansion, the mayoral residence.

Too bad such authentic research could not be applied to Godey's characters. His people seem little more than hollow molds waiting to be filled by some Hollywood casting director. In a way this is fitting. In print form, *Pelham One Two Three* is really only a short connecting ride between the scary movies that seem to have inspired it and the scary movie that it all too clearly aspires to be. ■ Christopher Porterfield



ALAN LELCHUK

Heckzapoppin

AMERICAN MISCHIEF

by ALAN LELCHUK

501 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$8.95.

For those who missed the pre-publication publicity, Alan Lechuk's *American Mischief* is the novel in which Norman Mailer is shot to death by a young radical intellectual who obviously read *An American Dream* but forgot to close the cover before striking.

Mailer was outraged by the scene in which a character bearing his name, rank and serial number was shot by a punk recruit. Furthermore, the bullet was fired into the very end of his digestive tract from a range that politely can only be called pointblank. At a meeting of lawyers and publishers, Mailer offered to reduce Lechuk to "a hank of hair and some fillings." That literary phrase turned out to be a pretty good description of the novel itself.

Despite selection by the Book-of-the-Month Club and advance compliments from Lechuk's friend Philip Roth, *American Mischief* is not much more than another exploitive, topical novel. Lechuk romps through the confusions and contradictions of today's beleaguered values—marriage, democracy, individualism—like a gratuitous looter in a cultural disaster area.

Ground zero is Boston and its environs, which Lechuk turns into a combination Sodom and St. Petersburg on the eve of the Russian Revolution. His characters even faction off nicely into modern American equivalents of Mensheviks, Bolsheviks and Nihilists, with Lenny Pincus, a subway Trotsky from Brooklyn, hopelessly trying to keep two feet in all three camps.

Pincus is an ex-student at Cardozo College (read Brandeis, where Lechuk teaches English). But the first half of the book belongs to Pincus' former teacher Bernard Kovell, the school's 35-

year-old humanities dean. By day Kovell is the model liberal, upholding the life of the mind and responsibility to the commonweal. By night he juggles his "family" of six girl friends. Most of the girls have an illustrative neurosis. But after more than 100 pages of Kovell's describing his curative powers in tedious *Deep Throat* detail, it is time to reconsider H.L. Mencken's endorsement of monogamy as convenient and hygienic.

Compared with Kovell, Pincus is a puritan. He seems satisfied with joylessly initiating one 14-year-old virgin and watching her take up with heroin. Pincus' passion is for revolution and cultivating flowers of evil from all the standard humanities-department seed catalogues. He is an organizer of the destruction of art in local museums and the burning of Harvard's Widener Library. He kills Mailer, further extending those justifications for hell raising that Mailer himself borrowed from Dostoevsky, Baudelaire, et al.

The next step for Pincus and his guerrilla band of young suburban terrorists and ghetto scholarship dropouts is to kidnap ten of the nation's leading intellectuals. Here Lechuk plays it safe by identifying them only as A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. and Kovell. The plan is to "de-mandarize" the elders at a secret New Hampshire hideout. This promising situation is not fulfilled with much imagination or wit. Pincus' fate is equally drab: prison, where he is reduced to suffering from a chronic earache.

The author seems to want to satirize the visceral and cultural preoccupations of liberal intellectuals in the '60s. But lacking an authentic bite, he winds up proving only that he is one of the fastest lips in the East. ■ R.Z. Sheppard

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach (2 last week)
- 2—The Odessa File, Forsyth (1)
- 3—Snow Fire, Whitney (7)
- 4—Elephants Can Remember, Christie (6)
- 5—The Persian Boy, Renault (5)
- 6—Semi-Tough, Jenkins (3)
- 7—August 1914, Solzhenitsyn (4)
- 8—Green Darkness, Selan (9)
- 9—The Camerons, Crichton (10)
- 10—The Sunlight Dialogues, Gardner (8)

NONFICTION

- 1—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, Atkins (3)
- 2—The Best and the Brightest, Halberstam (1)
- 3—Harry S. Truman, Truman (2)
- 4—The Joy of Sex, Comfort (5)
- 5—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Harris (4)
- 6—"Johnny, We Hardly Knew Ye," O'Donnell, Powers, McCarthy (7)
- 7—Journey to Ixtlan, Castaneda (6)
- 8—All Creatures Great and Small, Herriot (9)
- 9—Superman, Smith (8)
- 10—Blackberry Winter, Mead

Toward Greater Fairness for All

WHEN a Pennsylvania woman got into an argument about rent, her landlady quietly acquired a court order to sell off the apartment's contents if she did not pay \$1,375 within five days. A teacher in the Peace Corps was dismissed after he admitted smoking one marijuana cigarette. A West Point cadet was unceremoniously expelled when he piled up five more demerits than academy regulations allow. For all three individuals—and for many more like them—such penalties were apparently unavoidable; someone in authority had decided that they had broken the rules. Nonetheless, all three went to court—and in each case, the judge ruled that they should have been granted a hearing. In other words, each plaintiff was entitled to “due process of law.”

“Due process”—the phrase rings with the sound of constitutional authority. But even lawyers find it hard to define. It has what the textbooks call a “convenient vagueness” that makes its precise limits uncertain. Basically, due process is meant to ensure what the Supreme Court calls “fundamental fairness.” It is embodied in the Fifth and 14th amendments to the Constitution, which proclaim that no federal, state or local government can deprive a person of “life, liberty or property without due process of law.”

Despite the venerability of the concept, however, courts only now are coming to a broad new view of its application.

Today due process is invoked with growing frequency whenever a citizen's liberty or property is in jeopardy and government is even faintly involved. In such cases, say judges, fairness requires that a citizen get a hearing with a right to tell his story and pick whatever holes he can in the opposing version. Often the requirements of that hearing include the right to cross-examine, the right to counsel, and the right to have the decision rendered by a neutral official.

Related to the new legal attitude is an increasingly liberal interpretation of an individual's liberty and property. Thus the West Pointer's opportunity to gain a commission did not have any specific price, but it was nonetheless judged to be of substantial value. At the cadet's hearing, he was able to successfully challenge enough demerits to remain in school, but the decision could perfectly well have gone the other way. When the Pennsylvania rent payer's legal situa-

tion is finally settled, the landlady may well win the right to claim the furniture legally if back rent is not paid.

The point is that such penalties may no longer be imposed arbitrarily. The right to a hearing now extends to many areas of contact between citizen and officialdom. A man's driving license may not be suspended without a hearing, nor may a soldier's pay be docked by administrative fiat. Environmentalists use due process as one way to block all sorts of construction pending a hearing. A Flor-



DRAWING BY HANDELMAN. © THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

*“What’s so great about due process?
Due process got me ten years.”*

ida federal court has ruled that no prisoner may be put in solitary without a hearing. Difficult children and the mentally ill are winning the right to dispute efforts to institutionalize them.

Even more germane for many people, due process is spreading its protection to a wide variety of jobs—most directly to those in which government is the employer. The Supreme Court last year indicated that public schools may not summarily dismiss a teacher who has held his job on a seemingly permanent basis, even if he does not have formal tenure. A Brooklyn court has gone further, ruling that though a nontenured teacher did get a hearing before being dismissed, the dismissal was still illegal because the teacher had been denied a lawyer and a chance to cross examine hostile witnesses.

Because the due-process clause of the Constitution limits only government activity, it has not been generally applied to private employers. But it is nonetheless changing the rules of business in important ways.

In 1969 the Supreme Court heard the case of Christine Sniadach, a Milwaukee assembly-line worker whose wages had been garnished by a loan company trying to recover a debt; the court ruled that such garnishment was illegal unless the victim first got a due-process hearing. Last year the court reviewed Florida and Pennsylvania statutes governing the repossession of furniture and other merchandise and ruled that no creditor could get a court order or a sheriff's help in taking back his goods without first giving a hearing to the customer accused of being delinquent. Since then, repossession statutes have been quietly dying in a number of states, most recently in Alaska, Iowa and Massachusetts. Along with repossession, the lower courts have taken up

landlord-and-tenant laws, as well as the conduct of state-regulated utilities. In Colorado, New York, Ohio and Minnesota, gas and electric companies have now been warned that they may no longer automatically shut off service when a computer says the bill has gone unpaid for too long. The customer may not always be right, but due process says he at least has the right to be heard.

In safeguarding the right to due process, the courts now tend to be impatient with narrowly legalistic defenses. When the Supreme Court was considering repossession laws, one lawyer argued that the customer had no property rights since he had defaulted on his contract; Justice Potter Stewart dryly brushed the sophistry aside by observing that the physical possession of the goods by virtue of partial payment of the price and the interest certainly represented “significant property.”

Despite the new enlistment of due process in the cause of individual rights, the elasticity of the concept has allowed it to be used by a variety of masters. In the latter part of the 19th century, the Supreme Court ruled that the Constitution gives corporations the rights of “persons”; the court's conservative wing then found a host of economic-reform laws unconstitutional because they deprived “corporate persons” of their property rights without due process. The Justices also ruled that anti-sweatshop laws denied employees their “right” to earn 24¢ an hour in overtime. By invoking due process, many corporations reaped windfall profits at the expense of employees and tax collectors. It was such decisions that finally led to Franklin Roosevelt's controversial effort to pack the court in 1937. Though the plan failed, his view that the Government must have economic regulatory powers finally got through to the

THE LAW

"nine old men." As a result, the so-called "substantive" view of due process that so favored large corporations swiftly fell into disrepute.

Meanwhile another view of due process was developing, and it came to fruition during the years of the Warren Court. It reflected Hugo Black's belief that "the due-process-of-law standard is one in accordance with the Bill of Rights." That being so, various Bill of Rights guarantees were made binding in state courts for the first time, thereby vastly expanding the protection available to criminal defendants. In the view of Justices Felix Frankfurter and John Harlan, due process compelled no such sweeping changes, but merely required the court to determine whether or not a trial had been fair.

Today the Burger Court seems sometimes to be heeding Black's absolute view and at other times Frankfur-

ated for the benefit of the individual, have been all but taken over by company lawyers who have mastered all the rules and can use them against unsophisticated buyers. Nancy Le Blanc, a New York lawyer who specializes in welfare cases, is already wary of due process's bounty. "There has been a tremendous increase in the number of hearings held," she says, "but not in the amount of justice dispensed."

Harvard Philosopher John Rawls, in his book *A Theory of Justice*, observes that fairness can be achieved if similar cases are treated similarly. "The requirement of consistency holds, of course, for the interpretation of all rules and for justifications at all levels. Eventually, reasoned arguments for discriminatory judgments become harder to formulate and the attempt to do so less persuasive." The result, he says, is at least justice with "regularity."

WALTER BENNETT



HARLAN



FRANKFURTER



BLACK

A new and crucial element in the effort to extend justice.

er and Harlan's fairness standard. Going along with Black, it has ruled that anyone facing imprisonment has the right to a lawyer, whether or not he can afford to pay, and that hearings must always be offered before a welfare recipient may be deprived of aid or a parolee stripped of his parole. On the other hand, following the Frankfurter-Harlan argument that fundamental fairness does not require absolute, immutable rules, the court has weakened earlier decisions guaranteeing the right to have counsel at police lineups and to remain silent during interrogation, and it has permitted departure from the right to unanimous jury verdicts in state criminal trials. It is a mark of the Burger Court's perception of "fairness" requirements that in recent years the rules protecting criminal suspects have occasionally been narrowed, while the court's view has also brought a substantially broader interpretation in civil suits.

One implication is clear: administrators and officials are losing their traditional authority to exercise arbitrary power to foreclose, to expel, to coerce. Indeed, they are even seeing a shrinkage of their freedom to make a simple decision. Will their loss lead to greater freedom and fairness for others? The answer is uncertain. One ominous precedent: some small-claims courts, cre-

Even granting that Rawls' consistency can be realized, other dangers are still clear. Officials may well cease abuses which they cannot justify at a hearing; but they may also duck making needed decisions to avoid the trouble of defending their actions. Kenneth Culp Davis, a top scholar at the University of Chicago, unintentionally conjures up another danger in his standard work, *Discretionary Justice*. "The 1968 version of the Federal Tax Regulations," he says, "fills 4,400 double-column pages, a truly magnificent body of law." But surely that is a body only a lawyer could love. The idea of even 40 double-column pages devoted, say, to the process of fighting with the electric company is enough to leave one yearning for a return to the pleasures of candlelight.

It would indeed be tragic if the humane gains were stifled by an intervening layer of rule-making bureaucrats. But the major point about due process is that its central concern is fairness, not form. Thus it is not inconceivable that some day the concept could be used against hearings, on the ground that they have become an unconstitutional impediment to fairness. For the moment, though, the courts see hearings as a new and crucial element in the effort to extend justice into ever more areas of U.S. life. Americans can hardly quarrel with that perception.

MILESTONES

Died. Wally Cox, 48, who made bespectacled, reedy-voiced timidity a profitable virtue as TV's Mr. Peepers; of an apparent heart attack; in Bel Air, Calif. After a short career as a nightclub comic and Broadway actor, Cox found stardom when his portrayal of the bungling, mild-mannered science teacher, Robinson Peepers, became a hit in 1952. After the show folded three years later, Cox was unable to shake his Milquetoast stereotype. His slow slide was only slightly interrupted by a short-lived TV situation comedy, minor movie roles, commercials and a stint as a game-show panelist.

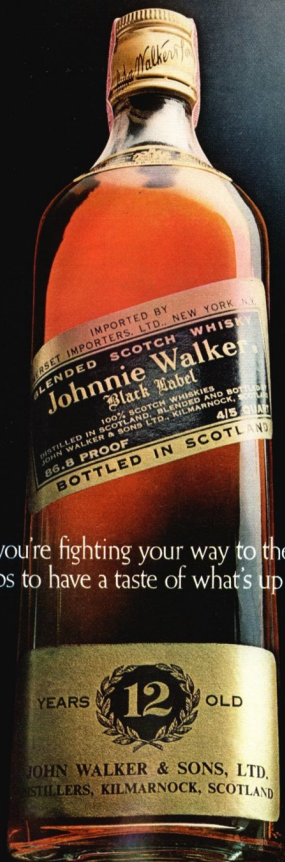
Died. Tim Holt, 54, straight-shooting hero of scores of grade-B movie westerns who occasionally starred in better roles (as the greenhorn prospector in *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, the grandson in *The Magnificent Ambersons*); of cancer; in Shawnee, Okla.

Died. Hans Globke, 74, durable German bureaucrat who became a powerful figure in the postwar government of Konrad Adenauer; of pneumonia; in Bad Godesberg. A career civil servant who first served the Weimar Republic, Globke adapted to Nazi rule in the '30s and helped interpret the 1935 Nuremberg Laws, which deprived Jews of German citizenship. He later maintained that he had done his best to thwart the laws, and despite a public outcry, Globke returned to government after the war. He was appointed State Secretary by Adenauer in 1953, and during the next ten years became one of the Chancellor's closest confidants.

Died. David Lawrence, 84, founder-editor of *U.S. News & World Report* (see THE PRESS).

Died. Achille Cardinal Liénart, 89, staunchly progressive bishop of the industrial diocese of Lille for four decades; in Lille. A champion of social reform in France long before he won a red hat in 1930, Cardinal Liénart was an active supporter of trade-unionism and a leader of the worker-priest movement that sent Catholic clergymen to live among French laborers. Undaunted by either the opposition of industrialists, who dubbed him "the Red Cardinal," or the Vatican's termination of the worker-priest experiment in 1954, he became a leading proponent of church decentralization during Vatican II.

Died. Bessie Greenwood Brown, 92, operatic soprano whose most memorable performance was a practice session in 1901 that attracted President William McKinley to the concert hall at the Pan-America Exposition in Buffalo, where an assassin mortally wounded him; in Buffalo.



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